

# THE PORTSMOUTH HERALD.

VOL. XVI., NO. 4591.

PORTSMOUTH, N. H., FRIDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1899.

PRICE 2 CENTS

## MUSIC HALL

F. W. HARTFORD, MANAGER.

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, Oct. 14.

### GRAND CONCERT

— FOR BENEFIT OF —

## Cottage Hospital

BY

### FAIRMAN'S BOSTON CONCERT BAND,

Assisted By

### MISS MAY COOK,

THE CELEBRATED CORNET SOLOIST.

12 Soloists,

34 Musicians.

### POPULAR PRICES.

For the fall season we offer the most extensive assortment of Men's and Boys' Clothes, Hats and Furnishings ever placed on our tables.

Standard goods of reliable quality at moderate prices.

Our lines of Men's suits at \$6.50, \$7.50, \$8.55, \$10, \$12 and \$15 are far and away ahead of anything before shown in this market.

All the new style Hats are here, together with new Neckwear, Hosiery, Underwear and Gloves.

### HENRY PEYSER & SON

## Millinery Opening

AT

MOORCROFT'S, - 12 MARKET SQUARE,

PORTSMOUTH.

Great Display of Pattern Hats and Bonnets. All are invited. No cards.

THIS SPACE BELONGS TO

- LAWRENCE -

Portsmouth's Swell Tailor

#### MUNICIPAL.

The regular meeting of the board of mayor and aldermen was held on Thursday evening and at roll call all were present except Aldermen Hoyt and Bates.

The records of the preceding meeting were read and no errors appearing they stood approved.

Alderman Bates came in during the reading and took his seat.

Petition from residents of Morning street, for a sewer through that street, was referred to the committee on sewers to report.

Petition of abutters and residents of Richards' avenue for an asphalt sidewalk in front of Mr. Michael Griffin's residence, was referred to committee on streets to report.

Petition of Mrs. M. O. Hall for an asphalt sidewalk in front of her residence on Rogers street, was referred to committee on streets to report.

Petition of Walter H. Page for a walk on Summer street was referred to the same committee.

The quarterly report of the city marshal, which is also a report of the police commissioners, was read and placed on file.

Mayor Page stated that he had deeds which were given him by Sugden, Bros., and William Bates, for lands which they would request the city to accept for public highways. Plans were shown of the proposed new streets which are situated between Irlington and South roads on what is known as the Sheafe farm, the streets to be named: Rutland, Vine, Melbourne and Essex avenues. These streets will connect Irlington road with South and cross-roads leading into Spring Lane.

Mayor Page stated that he did not think the city would have to open the streets if the land was accepted for this purpose. That is within a year or so. The city would not be compelled to lay out the streets unless it was by indictment, and this could not be done until next October.

On motion of Ald. Parsons the deeds were accepted.

Ald. Parsons brought up the electric lighting question, stating that the present contract with the Electric Light company runs out in February and he thought that something should be done in looking into the matter.

Mayor Page said he was in a kind of peculiar predicament in this matter, being a director in the lighting company and he was thinking of resigning from that. He would not like to appoint any committees just at present.

Ald. Parsons moved to authorize the committee on electric lights to look into the matter and report at the next meeting. By that he meant to have them correspond with different parties and ascertain what they would be willing to light the city for a term of years.

Ald. Bates said he saw no reasons why the committee could not secure definite bids and have the contract settled at the next meeting, instead of waiting until the present contract runs out.

At the request of Mayor Page, Ald. Bates offered the following as an amendment to Ald. Parsons' motion:

Moved, that the committee on streets lights be instructed to investigate the matter of a new contract for lighting the streets at the expiration of the present contract and ascertain the prices paid for street lighting in other cities and ask for bids for lighting the city under a new contract of five or ten years, as may be deemed best, and report at the first meeting of the board in November.

The motion prevailed.

The committee on street lights are Aldermen Leach, Smart and Peirce.

The city auditor's report of approved bills to the amount of \$3,776.83 was read and accepted and the same ordered paid.

Ald. Kirvan for the committee on claims reported in regards to the claim of Dr. Pender, that the committee were in favor of allowing the claim. The amount was for fifty-two dollars for vaccinating children. The report was accepted and the bill ordered paid.

Ald. Bates stated that inasmuch as there was some prospects of Admiral Dewey coming to this city something ought to be done to properly receive him. The mayor thought that there was very little chance for his coming but was willing to abide by what the board would suggest.

It was voted that when they adjourn it would be to Thursday evening, November 9th.

Adjourned.

No such thing as "summer complaint" where Dr. Fowler's Extract of Wild Strawberry is kept handy. Nature's remedy for looseness of the bowels.

#### TEA TABLE TALK.

The strike at the Dover print works recall the time several years ago when the engravers there walked out because of a somewhat similar grievance. And they all had to stay out, except one man, who was reinstated through a friendship pull. The company wouldn't take back anybody else, but put in new employees. The men who left their jobs Monday may not fare much better.

There took the train for the White Mountain region Wednesday a party of Portsmouth men who will enjoy every minute of their ten days' sojourn up in the Intervale woods and meadows. They won't care if they don't even see a deer, much less shoot one. Deer are a side issue with this group. They simply want to get away from the city and its daily business cares, and be lost for a few days where customers can't get at them. If a deer should come within range, they would probably fire at it; but I'll bet none of them will go stalking game at four in the morning.

Every bowling enthusiast in the city is mighty glad of the drubbing which Manager Schurman's men gave the Exeter team on the latter's own alleys. Those bowlers in the academy town had become inflated with the idea that they were about the warmest things that ever happened. They can now appreciate that familiar expression, "There are others."

An officer on the Eagle told me Thursday that they expect to leave this port next Monday for New York, then Hampton Roads, and finally Cuba. He also said that the crew are rather sorry to have to go away from Portsmouth for they have enjoyed themselves highly during their stay here. They are a good lot of men, and have behaved finely on their visits to town.

According to what I hear, the government must have been robbed of several hundred dollars by the fellows who have been logging off "junk" from the navy yard and selling it here. This is somewhat on the line of the thefts at the Brooklyn yard recently, although on a much smaller scale. It is hard to believe that any of the warships are implicated. Uncle Sam would feel keenly aggrieved to know that his gallant fighters would descend to such meanness.

I heard a lawyer remark today that Harry Hough's light sentence (for light it certainly is compared with the punishment given some men who have misapplied less of other people's money than he did,) is due in a very large measure to the fact of Attorney Frink. The latter is generally considered as keen as any practitioner of the New Hampshire bar, and Hough can thank him for side-tracking, by some means or other, a longer sentence.

#### A MYSTERIOUS CAVALRYMAN.

For a number of days now, a young fellow in the uniform of a cavalryman has been about the city until he has become a conspicuous figure on the downtown streets. He claims to have served in Cuba, during the late war, with the 7th U. S. regular cavalry, and says that he belongs out in Wyoming.

It transpired today, so the police say, that he has been asking people for small sums until they have become tired of him. This morning a business man complained of him and Officer Shannon took him to the police station. There, he was told to leave the city by tonight, and promised to do so.

An investigation by an officer showed that he has been staying for several days at the house of a woman who has a son in the army service at Manila with whom he claims to be well acquainted. Believing him to be a close friend of her boy, the woman naturally received him as a guest.

The mysterious visitor has no papers showing that he was ever in the United States service, and it was intimated this morning that he is really one of the lads in Rough Rider uniform who traveled around last month advertising the Rochester fair.

#### A FRIGHTFUL BLUNDER.

Will often cause a horrible Burn, Scald, Out or Bruise. Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the world, will kill the pain and promptly heal it. Cures Old Sores, Fever Sores, Ulcers, Boils, Felons, Corns, all skin Eruptions. Best pile cure on earth. Only 25 cts. a box. Cure guaranteed. Sold by Globe Grocery Co.



## Mrs. B. R. Tillman

Wife of U. S. Senator Tillman, of So. Carolina, says:

"I have tried Fairy Soap and find it excellent for the bath, and especially good for colored embroideries."

## Fairbank's FAIRY SOAP

is used and endorsed by many of the most prominent women in America. It is "The Soap of the Century" for toilet, bath and fine laundry uses. Three convenient sizes for the toilet, bath and laundry.

FREE—Beautiful Art Pictures, dainty Dolls and handsome Booklet of Fairy Stories which will interest the children, given free for FAIRY Soap Wrappers. Ask your grocer for "Fairy Art Booklet" illustrating these pretty gifts, or write us.

CHICAGO. ST. LOUIS. The N. K. Fairbank Company NEW YORK. BOSTON.

#### RAILROAD NEWS.

The Boston and Maine train that will convey Admiral Dewey from Vermont to Boston is in the hands of decorators from New York city.

Commencing next week ten or fifteen derricks will be erected between Greenland and Salisbury, where the double track is being put in.

Yesterday was pay day at this station.

A work train is out daily in charge of Conductor Taylor of Beverly, picking up old iron and steel along the line.

Several buildings between Greenland and Salisbury on the Eastern division will have to be moved on account of the work to be done on the overhead bridge.

The Eastern heater cars belonging to the Boston & Maine road are being fitted with automatic couplers.

The Boston & Maine car department is getting into shape for the construction of a number of new coal cars.

Orders have been received at the Concord shop for the construction of nine new snow plows, several of which will be extra large size.

#### VERY SORE.

The bowling contest last night was a genuine amateurish exhibition.

The locals bowled like a lot of children.

Portsmouth had a "cinch."

If the locals would only put a little more dash into their playing they could toy with the Portsmouth contingent.

The result of last night's game was a sore disappointment to the lovers of the game in this town.

The locals must make a better showing in the future or interest in the game will cease entirely here.

The pin setters would have made a better showing against Portsmouth last night than the Exeter team did—Exeter Gazette.

#### HUSKING AT GREENLAND.

One of the jolliest huskings reported from the outskirts so far this season was held at Brown's Breakfast Hill farm in Greenland, Thursday night. About fifty people were there, including a number from this city, and they husked a hundred bushels or so. There were so many red ears as to cause a suspicion that somebody had packed the pile with them. A hearty supper was served to the hungry huskers.

#### REMAINS REMOVED.

The remains of young Wright, who died from small pox at the Whidden farm on the Lafayette road, a few years ago, and was buried there, have been taken up and deposited in the cemetery of the family at North Hampton. The work was done only recently.

Educate Your Bowels With Cascara. Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 25c. At C. C. Fall, druggist, returned mail.

#### CITY BRIEFS.

The Boston & Maine railroad is purchasing much valuable real estate at Hampton, to make way for the installation of the double track system.

A 8 o'clock Saturday evening it is real fun to be at the Globe Grocery Co.'s Meat Department and see the anxious faces looking to find out who gets the barrel of flour for this week.

Arrived today: Barge Enterprise, Inman, from Philadelphia, with 1450 tons of coal and barge No. 3, Chadwick, from Philadelphia, with 1396 tons of coal, both for J. A. & A. W. Walker.

The Portsmouth Veterans seemed a bit discouraged by the high record set for them and they only made 168 feet and 8 inches. The Portsmouth company had a curiosity in the nature of an old hand tub used in 1792.—Manchester Union.

The York Harbor and Beach railroad will continue running trains until the latter part of November, the same as last year. It is understood that there is a possibility that the road will remain open through the winter, and one train each way at least be afforded.

The number of separators for the extraction of cream from the milk that are in use in the country among the farmers is constantly increasing. One sees every now and then a box marked to some progressive farmer that will arrive by freight. It will be a small hand separator.

#### FOOTBALL NOTES.

Portsmouth High school plays Newburyport High here tomorrow. Last year, the Newburyport boys won, 56 to 0. The locals declare that this Waterloo shall not be duplicated this year.

Manager Pender is having a hard time getting games for P. A. A.

Albert Hatch, the Portsmouth High player who broke his collar bone, is out, but cannot probably play again this season.

#### MEMENTO OF THE WAR.

Mr. Herman F. Windrich of Manchester, skilled machinist at the navy yard, has secured an exceedingly valuable souvenir of the American-Spanish war. It is a very highly polished cane made of some eastern wood that resembles maple, having a close grain and little weight. This came from the interior finish of the Reina Christina, the gunboat sunk by Dewey's squadron on May 1 in Manila bay. The top is made of a piece of polished brass taken from the little gunboat Sandoval, which was captured at Santiago by Admiral Schley's fleet on July 3, the ferrule being of a piece of steel from the same vessel. The cane is not only a relic, but is a useful walking stick that is much handsomer than any that could be bought and is at the same time a fitting memento of the victorious war with Spain. The top is suitably inscribed with the name of the Reina Christina.

#### RISE IN BREAD STUFFS "COMING."

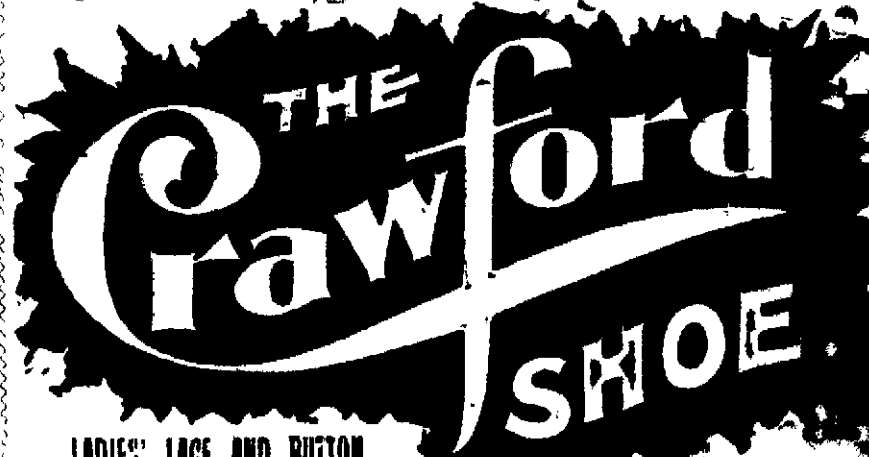
On account of the war in the Transvaal there is a great probability that the price of flour and food stuffs generally will be advanced in price throughout this country. Local wholesale dealers have received telegrams showing the conditions of the market and saying that an advance would probably be made in the near future. The market through out the country is very firm. During the past few days a general advance has been made in wheat. No advance was made today over yesterday's prices.

"This war," said a wholesale dealer this noon, "will advance the price of wheat, flour and food stuffs generally."

#### TO CURE LA GRIPE IN TWO DAYS

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

## THE WORLD'S BEST.



LADIES' LACE AND BUTTON  
QUEEN QUALITY OFTEN IMITATED.  
\$8.00. NEVER EQUALLED.

FRANKLIN SHOE—Every pair guaranteed to give satisfaction. Franklin Shoes fit the foot, fit the eye and fit your purse.

Men's Sizes.....\$2.00 | Boys' Sizes.....\$1.50 | Youths' Sizes.....\$2.00  
5 MARKET STREET.



# BOSTON & MAINE R. R.

## EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>Trains Leave Portsmouth</b>  |  |
| For Boston, 8.50, 9.30, 10.53, a. m., 5.11, 5.00, 7.30, p. m. Sundays, 8.30, 9.00 a. m., 3.31, 5.00 p. m.                   |  |
| For Portland, 8.55, 10.45 a. m., 2.45, 5.23, 8.50, 9.30 p. m. Sundays, 8.50, 10.45 a. m., 3.55, 5.11 p. m.                  |  |
| For Old Orchard and Portland, 9.55 a. m., 2.45, 5.22 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, a. m.   |  |
| For North Conway, 9.55, a. m., 2.45 p. m.   |  |
| For Somersworth and Rochester, 4.50, 9.45, 9.55, a. m., 2.40, 2.45, 3.30 p. m.  |  |
| For Dover, 4.50, 9.45 a. m., 12.30, 2.40, 5.23, 8.52 p. m. Sundays, 8.00, 10.45 a. m., 3.57 p. m.                           |  |
| For North Hampton and Hampton, 7.20, 8.15, 10.53 a. m., 5.00 p. m. Sundays, 8.00 a. m., 5.00 p. m.                          |  |
| <b>Trains for Portsmouth</b>  |  |
| From Boston, 7.30, 9.00, 10.10 a. m., 12.30, 2.30, 4.45, 7.00, 7.45 p. m. Sundays, 4.30, 8.30, 9.00 a. m., 6.40, 7.00 p. m. |  |
| From Portland, 2.00, 9.00 a. m., 12.45, 1.45, 6.00 p. m. Sundays, 2.00 a. m., 12.45 p. m.                                   |  |
| From North Conway, 7.25, a. m., 4.15 p. m.  |  |
| From Rochester, 7.19, 9.47 a. m., 8.50, 6.45 p. m. Sundays, 7.00 a. m.  |  |
| From Somersworth, 6.35, 7.32, 10.01 a. m., 4.05, 6.35 p. m.   |  |
| From Dover, 6.50, 10.24 a. m., 1.40, 4.30, 6.30 p. m. Sundays, 7.30 a. m., 9.25 p. m.                                       |  |
| From Hampton, 9.22, 11.53 a. m., 2.13, 4.50, 6.16 p. m. Sundays, 6.30, 10.06 a. m., 8.00 p. m.                              |  |
| From North Hampton, 9.18, 11.50 a. m., 2.10, 5.05, 6.21 p. m. Sunday days, 6.30, 10.12 a. m., 8.15 p. m.                    |  |
| From Greenland, 9.35 a. m., 12.05, 2.45, 5.11, 6.27 p. m. Sundays, 4.32, 10.18 a. m., 8.20 p. m.                            |  |

## SOUTHERN DIVISION

### PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>Trains leave the following stations for Manchester, Concord and Intermediate stations:</b>   |  |
| Portsmouth, 8.30 a. m., 12.45, 5.25 p. m.   |  |
| Greenland Village, 8.39 a. m., 12.54, 5.33 p. m.  |  |
| Rockingham Junction, 9.07 a. m., 1.07, 5.55 p. m.   |  |
| Eppling, 9.23 a. m., 1.21, 6.08 p. m.   |  |
| Raymond, 9.32 a. m., 1.32, 6.18 p. m.   |  |
| <b>Returning</b>  |  |
| Concord, 7.45, 10.25 a. m., 3.30 p. m.  |  |
| Manchester, 8.30, 11.10 a. m., 4.24 p. m.   |  |
| Raymond, 9.10, 11.48 a. m., 5.02 p. m.  |  |
| Eppling, 9.22 a. m., 12.00 p. m., 5.11 p. m.  |  |
| Rockingham Junction, 9.47 a. m., 12.17, 5.53 p. m.  |  |
| Greenland Village, 10.01 a. m., 12.20, 6.06 p. m.   |  |
| <b>Trains connect at Rockingham Junction for Exeter, Haverhill, Lawrence and Boston. Trains connect at Manchester and Concord for Plymouth, Woodville, Lancaster; St. Johnsbury, Newport, Vt.; Montreal and the west.</b> |  |
| <b>Information given, through tickets sold and baggage checked to all points from this station.</b>   |  |
| F. F. GRANT, Agent.   |  |

D. J. FLANDERS, G. P. & T. A.

## GOVERNMENT FERRY

### TIME TABLE.

|   |  |
|---|--|
| <b>Leave Maynard—</b> 8.00, 8.20, 8.40, 9.15, 10.15, 11.45, 1.45, 2.05, 3.30, 4.00, 4.45, 5.15, 7.30, 8.00 (Wednesdays and Saturdays), Sundays, 9.45, 10.15 a. m., 12.10, 12.30 p. m., Holiday 9.45, 10.30, 11.30 a. m. |  |
| <b>Leave Portsmouth—</b> 8.10, 8.30, 8.50, 9.25, 11.00, 12.15, 1.45, 2.15, 3.30, 4.20, 5.00, 5.30, 7.30, 8.00 (Wednesdays and Saturdays), 9.45, 10.15, 10.30 a. m., 12.30 p. m., Holiday 9.45, 10.30, 11.30 a. m.       |  |

\*From May until October.

## Y. H. & B. R. R.

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>Trains leave Portsmouth</b>                       |  |
| For York Beach, 8.40, 10.50 a. m., 2.50, 5.50 p. m.  |  |
| <b>Trains for Portsmouth</b>                         |  |
| From York Beach, 6.25, 10.00 a. m., 1.30, 4.00 p. m. |  |

## Portsmouth, Kittery and York Street Railway

### SUMMER TIME TABLE.

In Effect June 24, 1899.

|  |  |
|--|--|
| <b>Until further notice cars will run as follows:</b>  |  |
| <b>Ferry leaves P. K. and Y. Landing.</b>  |  |
| Portsmouth—6.50, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9.50, 9.50, 10.20, 10.50, 11.20, 11.50 a. m., 12.20, 12.50, 1.20, 1.50, 2.20, 2.50, 3.20, 3.50, 4.20, 4.50, 5.20, 5.50, 6.20, 6.50, 7.20, 7.50, 8.20, 8.50, 9.20, 9.50, 10.20, 10.50, 11.20, 11.50 a. m.  |  |
| <b>Cars leave York Beach for Portsmouth—</b> 5.45, 5.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30, a. m., 12.00, 12.30, 1.00, 1.30, 2.00, 2.30, 3.00, 3.30, 4.00, 4.30, 5.00, 5.30, 6.00, 6.30, 7.00, 7.30, 8.00, 8.30, 9.00, 9.30, 10.00, 10.30, 11.00, 11.30 p. m. |  |
| <b>To Sea Point only.</b>  |  |
| <b>Ferry plies between Portsmouth and Dodge's Island, making close connection with the electric cars.</b>  |  |
| Sunday time same as on week days, except that the first boat leaves Ferry Landing, Portsmouth, at 7.30 a. m., and York Beach at 7.30 a. m.   |  |
| For special and extra cars address W. G. MARCOX, Supt.   |  |



### [CONTINUED.]

"Whist, mother," said John, looking back at her from the tail of his eye. "I go to France as an archer to give blows and to take them."

"To France, quoth?" cried the old dame. "Bide here with me, and I shall ward at you more blows than you are like to get in France. If blows be what you seek, you need not go further than Hordie."

"By my hilt! the good dame speaks truth," said Aylward. "It seems to be the very home of them."

"What have you to say, you clean-shaven galley-beggar?" cried the fery dame, turning upon the archer. "Can I not speak with my own son but you must let your tongue clack? A soldier, quoth, and never a hair on his face. I have seen a better soldier with pap for food and swaddling clothes for harness."

"Stand to it, Aylward," cried the archers, amid a fresh burst of laughter.

"Do not thwart her comrade," said big John. "She hath a proper spirit for her years and cannot abide to be thwarted. It is kindly and homely to me to hear her voice and to feel that she is behind me. But I must leave you now, mother, for the way is over rough for your feet; but I will bring you back a silken gown, if there be one in France or Spain, and I will bring Jinny a silver penny; so good-bye to you, and God have you in His keeping!"

Then he lifted her lightly to his hip, and then, taking his place in the ranks again, marched on with the laughing Company.

"That was ever his way," she cried, appealing to Sir Nigel, who reined up his horse and listened with the greatest courtesy. "He would jog on his own road for all that I could do to change him. First he must be a monk forsooth, and all because a wench was wise enough to turn her back on him. Then he joins a rascally crew and must needs trapse off to the wars, and me with no one to bail the fire if I be out, and then the cow if he be home. Yet I have been a good mother to him. Three hazel switches a day have I broke across his shoulders, and he takes no more notice than you have seen him to-day."

"Doubt not that he will come back to you both safe and prosperous, my fair dame," quoth Sir Nigel. "Meanwhile it grieves me that as I have already given my purse to a beggar up the road."

"Nay, my lord," said Alleyne. "I still have some money remaining."

"Then I pray you to give them to this very worthy woman," he uttered on as he spoke, while Alleyne, having dispensed two more pence, left the old dame standing by the shrill voice of Hordie, with her shrill voice raised in blessings instead of revilings.

There were two cross-roads before they reached the Lynton Ford, and at each of them Sir Nigel pulled up his horse, and waited for many a curvet and gambol, earning his neck this way and that to see if fortune would send him a venture. Cross roads had, as he explained, been rare places for knightly spear-runners, and in his youth it was no uncommon thing for a cavalier to abide for weeks at such a point, holding gentle debate with all comers, to his own advancement and the great honor of his lady. The times were changed, however, and the forest tracks wound away from them deserted and silent, with a fringe of war-horse or clatter of armor who might herald the approach of an adversary—so that Sir Nigel rode on his way disconsolate. At the Lynton River they splashed through the ford, and lay in the meadows on the further side to eat the bread and salt meat which they carried upon the sumpter horses. Then, ere the sun was on the slope of the heavens, they had deftly trussed up again, and were swinging merrily upon their way, two hundred feet moving like two.

There is a third cross-road where the track from Boldre runs down to the old fishing village of Pitt's Deep. Down this as they came abreast of it, there walked two men, the one a pace or two behind the other. The cavaliers could not but pull up their horses to look at them, for a stranger pair were never seen journeying together. The first was a misshapen, squalid man with cruel, cunning eyes and a shock of tangled red hair, bearing in his hands a small unpainted cross, which he held high so that all men might see it. He seemed to be in the last extremity of fright, with a face the color of clay, and his limbs all a-shake as one who had an ague. Behind him, with his toe ever rasping upon the other's heels, there walked a very stern, black-bearded man, with a hard eye and a set tongue. He bore over his shoulder a great knotted stick with three jagged tails stuck in the head of it, and from time to time he whirled it up in the air with a quivering arm, as though he could scarce hold back from dashed his companion's brains out. So in silence they walked under the spread of the branches on the grass-grown path from Boldre.

"By St. Paul!" quoth the knight, "but this is a passing strange sight, and perchance some very perilous and hazardous venture may arise from it. I pray you, Edricson, to ride up to them and ask them the cause of it."

There was no need, however, for him to move, for the twain came swiftly towards them until they were within a spear's length, when the man with the cross sat himself down sullenly upon a tussock of grass by the wayside, while the other stood beside him with his great cudgel still hanging over his head. So intent was he that he raised his eyes neither to the knight nor squire, but kept them ever fixed with a savage glare upon his comrade.

"I pray you, friend," said Sir Nigel, "to tell us truthfully who you are, and why you follow this man with such bitter enmity?"

"So long as I am within the pale of Le King's law," the stranger answered, "I cannot see why I should render account to every passing wayfarer."

"You are no very shrewd reasoner, fellow," quoth the knight; "for if it be within the law for you to threaten him with your club, then it is also lawful for me to threaten you with my sword."

The man with the cross was down in an instant on his knees upon the ground, with hands clasped above him and his face shining with hope. "For dear Christ's sake, my fair lord," he cried in a crackling voice, "I have at my belt a bag with a hundred rose nobles, and I will give it to you freely if you will but pass your sword through this man's body."

"How you foul knave!" exclaimed Sir Nigel hotly. "Do you think that a cavalier's arm is to be brought like a packman's ware. By St. Paul! I have little doubt that this fellow hath some very good cause to hold you in hatred."

"Indeed, my fair sir, you speak sooth," quoth he with the club, while the other seated himself once more by the wayside. "For this man is Peter Peterson, a very noted rieve, dray-latch, and murtherer, who has wrought much evil for many years, and great about Winchester. It was but the other day, upon the feast of the blessed Simon and Jude, that he slew my younger brother William in Bere Forest—for which, by the black thorn of Glastonbury, I shall have his heart's blood, though I walk behind him to the further end of earth."

"But if this be indeed so," asked Sir Nigel, "why is it that you have come with him so far through the forest?"

"Because I am an honest Englishman, and will take no more than the law allows. For when the deed was done this foul and base wretch fled to sanctuary at St. Cross, and I, as you may think, after him with all the posse. The prior, however, hath so ordered that while he holds this cross no man may lay hand upon him without the ban of church, which heaven forbid from me or mine. Yet, if for an instant he lay the cross aside, or if he fail to journey to Pitt's Deep, where it is ordered that he shall take ship to outland parts, or if he take not the first ship, or if after the ship be ready he walk not every day into the sea as far as his lions, then he becomes outlaw, and I shall forthwith dash out his brains."

At this the man on the ground snarled up at him like a rat, while the other clenched his teeth, and shook his club, and looked down at him with murder in his eyes. Knight and squire gazed from rogue to avenger, but as it was a matter which none could mend they tarried no longer, but rode upon their way. Alleyne, looking back, saw that the murderer had drawn bread and cheese from his scrip, and was silently munching it, with the protecting cross still hugged to his breast, while the other, black and grim, stood in the sunlit road and threw his dark shadow athwart him.

### CHAPTER XV.

How the Yellow Cog Sailed Forth From Lepe.

That night the Company slept at St. Leonard's, in the great monastic barns and spicarium—ground well known both to Alleyne and to John, for they were almost within sight of the Abbey of Beaulieu. A strange thrill it gave to the young squire to see the well-remembered white dress once more, and to hear the measured tolling of the deep vespers bell. At early dawn they passed across the broad, sluggish, reed-girt stream—men, horses, and baggage in the flat ferry barges—and so journeyed on through the fresh morning air past Exbury to Lepe. Topping the heathly down, they came of a sudden into sight of the old sea-port—a cluster of houses, a trail of blue smoke, and a bristle of masts. To right and left the long blue curve of the Solent lapped in a fringe of foam upon the yellow beach. Some way out from the town a line of pesoners, criers, and other small craft were rolling lazily on the gentle swell. Further out still lay a great merchant-ship, high ended, deep waisted, painted of a canary yellow, and towering above the fishing-boats like a swan among ducklings.

"By St. Paul!" said the knight, "our good merchant of Southampton hath not played us false, for anchorage here is a goodly one. He said that she would be of great size and of a yellow shade."

"By my hilt, yes!" muttered Aylward; "she is yellow as a kite's claw, and would carry as many men as there are pips in a pomegranate."

"It is as well," remarked Terlake; "for methinks, my fair lord, that we are not the only ones who are waiting a passage to Gascony. Mine eye catches at times a flash and sparkle among yonder houses which assuredly never came from shipman's jacket or the gaberdine of a burgher."

"I can also see it," said Alleyne, shading his eyes with his hand. "And I can see men-at-arms in yonder boats which ply betwixt the vessel and the shore. But methinks that we are very welcome here, for already they come forth to meet us."

A tumultuous crowd of fishermen, citizens, and women had indeed swarmed out from the northern gate, and approached them up the side of the moor, waving their hands and dancing with joy, as though a great feast had been rolled back from their minds. At their head rode a very large and solemn man with a long chin and a drooping lip. He wore a fur tippet round his neck and a heavy gold chain over it, with a medalion which dangled in front of him.

"Welcome, most puissant and noble lord," he cried, doffing his bonnet to Black Simon. "I have heard of your lordship's valiant deeds, and in sooth they might be expiated from your lord-

ship's face and bearing. Is there any small matter in which I may oblige you?"

"Since you ask me," said the man-at-arms, "I would take it kindly if you could spare a link or two of the chain which hangs round your neck."

"What, the corporation chain?" cried the other in horror. "The ancient chain of the township of Lepe? This is but a sorry jest, Sir Nigel."

"What the plague did you ask me for then?" said Simon. "But if it is Sir Nigel Loring with whom you would speak, that is he upon the black horse."

The Mayor of Lepe gazed with amazement on the mild face and slender frame of the famous warrior.

"Your pardon, my gracious lord," he cried. "You see in me the mayor and chief magistrate of the ancient and powerful town of Lepe. I bid you very heartily welcome, and the more so as you are come at a moment when we are sore put to it for means of defence."

"Ha!" cried Sir Nigel, pricking up his ears.

"Yes, my lord, for the town being very ancient and the walls as old as the town, it follows that they are very ancient too. But there is a certain villainous and bloodthirsty Norman pirate light Tete-noire, who, with a Genoan called Tito Caracci, commonly known as Spade-beard, hath been a mighty scourge upon these coasts. Indeed, my lord, they are very cruel and black-hearted men, graceless and ruthless, and if they should come to the ancient and powerful town of Lepe they would make it a city of dead men."

"Then good-bye to the ancient and powerful town of Lepe," quoth Ford, whose lightness of tongue could at times rise above his awe of Sir Nigel.

The knight, however, was too much intent upon the matter in hand to give heed to the flippancy of his squire. "Have you then cause," he asked, "to think that these men are about to venture an attempt upon you?"

"They have come in two great galleys," answered the mayor, "with two banks of oars on either side, and great numbers of engines of war and meat-arms. At Weymouth and at Portland they have murdered and ravished. Yesterday morning they were at Coves, and we saw the smoke from the burning crofts. To-day they lie at their ease near Freshwater, and we fear much lest they come upon us and do us a mischief."

"We cannot tarry," said Sir Nigel, riding towards the town, with the mayor or upon his horse side; "the Prince awaits us at Bournemouth, and we must be behind the general muster. Yet I will promise you that on our way we shall find time to pass Freshwater and to prevail upon these rovers to leave you in peace."

"We are much beholden to you!" cried the mayor. "But I cannot see, my lord, how, without a war-ship, you may venture against these men. With your archers, however, you might well hold the town and do them great scath if they attempt to land."

"There is a very proper cog out yonder," said Sir Nigel; "it would be a very strange thing if any ship were not a war-ship when it had such men as these upon her decks. Certes, we shall do as I say, and that no later than this very day."

"My lord," said a rough haired, dark-faced man, who walked by the knight's other stirrup, with his head sloped to catch all that he was saying. "By your leave, I have no doubt that you are skilled in lance, but, by my soul! you will find it another thing upon the sea. I am the master-shipman of this yellow cog, and my name is Goodwin Hawtayne. I have sailed since I was as high as this staff, and I have fought against these Normans and against the Genoese, as well as the Scotch, the Bretons, the Spanish, and the Moors. I tell you, sir, that my ship is over light and over frail for such work, and it will but end in our having our throats cut, or being sold as slaves to the Barbary heathen."

"I also have experienced one or two gentle and honorable ventures upon the sea," quoth Sir Nigel, "and I am right blithe to have so fair a task before us. I think, good master-shipman, that you and I may win great honor in this matter, and I can see very readily that you are a brave and stout man."

"I like it not," said the other sturdily. "In God's name, I like it not, and yet Goodwin Hawtayne is not the man to stand back when his fellows are for pressing forward. By my soul! he it sink or swim. I shall turn my back into Freshwater Bay, and if good Master Witherton, of Southampton, like not my handling of a ship then he may find some master-shipman."

They were close by the old north-gate of the little town, and Alleyne half turning in his saddle, looked back at the motley crowd who followed. The bowmen and men-at-arms had broken their ranks and were intermingled with the fishermen and citizens, whose laughing faces and hearty gestures bespoke the weight of care from which this welcome arrival had relieved them. Here and there among the moving throng of dark jerkins and white surcoats were seen the whipples or shawls of the women. Aylward, with a fishing lass on either arm, was vowing constancy alternately to her on the right and her on the left, while big John towered in the rear with a little chubby maiden enthroned upon his great shoulder, her soft white arm curled round his shining headpiece. So the throng moved on, until at a very gate it was brought to a stand by a wondrously fat man, who came darting forth from the white walls with an every feature of his abject face.

"How many Sir Mayor?" he roared, in a voice like a bull. "How now, Sir Mayor? How of the claims and the scallops?"

"By Our Lady! my sweet Sir Oliver," cried the mayor, "I have had so much to think of, with these wicked villains so close upon us, that it had quite gone out of my head."

"Words, words!" shouted the other furiously. "Am I to be put off with words? I say to you again, how of the claims and scallops?"

"My fair sir, you flatter me," cried the mayor. "I am a peaceful trader, and I am not wont to be so shouted at upon so small a matter."

"Small!" shrieked the other. "Small! Claims and scallops! Ask me to your table to partake of the daintiness of the town, and when I come a barren welcme and a bare board! Where is my spear-bearer, Oliver, Sir Oliver!" cried Sir Nigel, laughing. "Let your anger be converted into a chuck of war as I should

you come upon an old friend and comrade."

"By St. Martin of Tours!" shouted the fat knight, his wrath all changed in an instant to joy. "If it is not my dear little game rooster of the town, AB, my sweet cog, I am right glad to see you. What days we have spent together!"

"Aye, by my faith," cried Sir Nigel, with sparkling eyes. "We have seen some valiant men, and we have shown our pennons in some noble skirmishes. By St. Paul! we have had great joys in France."

"And sorrows also," quoth the other. "I have some sad memories of the land. Can you recall that which befell us at Libourne?"

"Nay, I cannot call to mind that we ever much as drew sword at the place."

"Man, man," cried Sir Oliver, "your mind still runs on nought but blades and bassinets. Hast no space in thy frame for the softer joys. Ah, even now I can scarce speak of it unmoved. So noble a ple, such tender pigeons, and sugar in the gravy instead of salt! You were by my side that day, as were Sir Claude Latour and the Lord of Pommeroy."

"Remember it," said Sir Nigel, laughing. "And how you harried the cook down the street, and spoke of setting fire to the inn. By St. Paul! most worthy mayor, my old friend is a perilous man, and I rede you that you compose your difference with him on such terms as you may."

"The claims and scallops shall be ready within the hour," the mayor answered. "I had asked Sir Oliver to tethorn to do my humble board the honor to partake at it of the dainty upon which we take some little pride, but in sooth this alarm of pirates hath cast such a shadow on my wits that I am like one distraught. But I trust, Sir Nigel, that you will also partake of none-meat with me."

"I have overmuch to do," Sir Nigel answered. "For we must be aboard, horse and man, as early as we may. How many do you muster, Sir Oliver?"

"Three and forty. The forty are drunk, and the three are but indifferent sober. I have them all safe upon the ship."

"They had best find their wits again, for I shall have work for every man of them ere the sun sets. It is my intention to set a good good to you, to try and turn against these Norman and Genoese rovers."

"They carry caviare and certain very noble spices from the Levant aboard of ships from Genoa," quoth Sir Oliver. "We may come to great profit through the business. I pray you, master-shipman, that when you go on board you pour a helpful of seawater over any of my rogues whom you may see there."

Leaving the lusty knight and the Mayor of Lepe, Sir Nigel led the Company straight down to the water's edge, where long lines of flat lighters swayed and heaved them to their horses, and their baggage, all in the space of four-and-twenty paces. So urgent was Sir Nigel on the shore, and so prompt was Goodwin Hawtayne on the cog, that Sir Oliver Buttershorn had scarce swallowed his last scallop ere the peel of the trumpet and clang of nakir announced that all was ready and the anchor drawn. In the last boat which left the shore the two commanders sat together in the sheets, a strange contrast to each other, the one a stout, broad, and shouting of the black feet of the rovers was a litter of hunches which Sir Nigel had ordered to be carried to the cog. These once aboard, the ship set her broad mainsail, purple in color, and with a golden St. Christopher bearing Christ upon his shoulder in the centre of it. The breeze blew, the sail bellied, over heeled the portly vessel, and away she plunged through the smooth blue rollers, amid the clang of the minstrels on her poop, and the shouting of the black crowd who thronged the yellow beach.

To the left lay the green Island of Wight, with its long, low, curving hills peeping over each other's shoulders to the sky-line; to the right the wooded Hampshire coast as far as eye could reach; above a steel-blue heaven, with a wintry sun shimmering down upon them, and enough of frost to set the breath a-smoking.

"By St. Paul!" said Sir Nigel gayly, as he stood upon the poop and looked on either side of him. "It is a land which is very well worth fighting for, and it were a pity to go to France for what may be had at home. Did you not spy a crooked man upon the beach?"

"Nay, I spied nothing," grumbled Sir Oliver. "For I was hurried down with a clam shout in my gizzard and an unobedient crotch of Cyprus on the board behind me."

"I saw him, my fair lord," said Terlake, "an old man with one shoulder higher than the other."

"'Tis a sign of good fortune," quoth Sir Nigel. "Our path was also crossed by a woman and by a priest, so all should be well with us. What say you, Edricson?"

"I cannot tell, my fair lord. The Romans of old were a very wise people, yet, certes, they placed their faith in such matters. So, too, did the Greeks, and divers other ancient peoples who were famed for their learning. Yet of the moderns there are many who scoff at all omens."

"There can be no manner of doubt about it," said Sir Oliver Buttershorn. "I can well remember that in Navarre one day it thundered on the left out of a cloudless sky. We knew that ill would come of it, nor had we long to wait. Only thirteen days after, a haunch of prime venison was carried from my very tent door by the wolves, and on the same day two flocks of old vultures turned south and muddy."

"You may bring my harness from below," said Sir Nigel to his squire, "and also, I pray you, bring up Sir Oliver's and we shall do it here. Ye may then see to your own gear; for this day you will, I hope, make a very honorable entrance into the field of chivalry, and prove yourselves to be very worthy and valiant squires. And now, Sir Oliver, as to our dispositions; would it please you that I should order them or will you order?"

"You, my cockerel, you. By Our Lady! I am no chicken, but I cannot claim to know as much of war as I should

squire of Sir Walter Manny. Settle the matter to your own liking."

"You shall fly your pennon upon the foremast, and I upon the poop. For forward I shall give you your own forty men, with two-score archers. Two-score men, with my own men-at-arms and squires, will serve as a poop-guard. Ten archers, with thirty shipmen, under the master, may hold the waist while ten lie aloft with stones and arbalets. How like you that?"

"Good, by my faith, good! But here comes my harness, and I must to work, for I cannot slip into it as I was wont when first I set my face to the wars."

Meanwhile there had been bustle and preparation in all parts of the great vessel. The archers stood in groups about the decks, new-stringing their bows, and testing that they were firm at the nocks. Among them moved Aylward and other of the older soldiers, with a few whispered words of precept here and of warning there.

"Stand to it, my hearts of gold," said the old bowman as he passed from knot to knot. "By my hilt! we are in luck this journey. Bear in mind the old saying of the Company."

"What is that, Aylward?" cried several, leaning on their bows and laughing at him.

"'Tis the master-bowyer's rede: 'Every bow well bent. Every shaft well sent. Every stave well knocked. Every string well locked. There, with that jingle in his head, a bracer on his left hand, a shooting glove on his right, and a farthing's-worth of wax in his girdle, what more doth a bowman need?'"

"It would not be amiss," said Hordie John, "if under his girdle he had four farthings' worth of wine."

"Work first, wine afterwards, mon camarade. But it is time



PORTSMOUTH & KITTERY R.R.

EASTERN DIVISION

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Rows include Portsmouth, Dover, and various intermediate stops with departure and arrival times.

SOUTHERN DIVISION

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Rows include Portsmouth, Concord, and various intermediate stops with departure and arrival times.

GOVERNMENT FERRY

TIME TABLE

Table with 2 columns: Direction and Time. Rows include Portsmouth to Kittery and Kittery to Portsmouth with departure and arrival times.

Y. H. & B. R. R.

Winter Arrangement, Oct. 2, 1899.

Table with 2 columns: Station and Time. Rows include Portsmouth, Kittery, and various intermediate stops with departure and arrival times.

Portsmouth, Kittery and York

Street Railway

SUMMER TIME TABLE

In Effect June 24, 1899.

Table with 2 columns: Direction and Time. Rows include Portsmouth to Kittery and Kittery to Portsmouth with departure and arrival times.



WHITE STAR COMPANY

A CONAN DOYLE

[CONTINUED.]

"Whist, mother," said John, looking back at her from the tail of his eye. "I go to France as an archer to give blows and to take them."

"That was ever his way," she cried, appealing to Sir Nigel, who reined up his horse and listened with the greatest courtesy. "He would jog on his own road for all that I could do to change him. First he must be a monk forsooth, and all because a wench was wise enough to turn her back on him. Then he joins a rascally crew and must needs trapse off to the wars, and me with no one to bait the fire if I be out, or tend the cow if I be home. Yet I have been a good mother to him. Three hazel switches a day have I broke across his shoulders, and he takes no more notice than you have seen him to-day."

"Nay, my lord," said Alleyne. "I still have some moneys remaining."

CHAPTER XV

How the Yellow Cog Sailed Forth From Lepe.

That night the Company slept at St. Leonard's, in the great monastic barns and spicarium-ground well known both to Alleyne and to John, for they were almost within sight of the Abbey of Beaulieu. A strange thrill it gave to the young men to see the walls, remembered white dunes once more, and to hear the measured tolling of the deep vespers bell. At early dawn they passed across the broad, sluggish, reed-girt stream—men, horses, and baggage in the flat ferry barges—and so journeyed on through the fresh morning air past Exbury to Lepe. Topping the heathy down, they came of a sudden full in sight of the old sea-port—a cluster of houses, a trail of blue smoke, and a bristle of masts. To right and left the long blue curve of the Solent lapped in a fringe of foam upon the yellow beach. Some way out from the town a line of pinnacles, cavers, and other small craft were rolling lazily on the gentle swell. Further out still lay a great merchant-ship, high ended, deep waisted, painted of a canary yellow, and towering above the fishing-boats like a swan among ducklings.

ship's face and bearing. Is there any small matter in which I may oblige you?"

"Since you ask me," said the man-at-arms, "I would take it kindly if you could spare a link or two of the chain which hangs round your neck, Sir Nigel."

"What the compulsion chain?" cried the other in horror. "The ancient chain of the township of Lepe? This is but a sorry jest, Sir Nigel."

"What the plague did you ask me for then?" said Simon. "But if it is Sir Nigel Loring with whom you would speak, that is he upon the black horse."

The Mayor of Lepe gazed with amazement on the mild face and slender frame of the famous warrior.

"Your pardon, my gracious lord," he cried. "You see in me the mayor and chief magistrate of the ancient and powerful town of Lepe. I bid you very heartily welcome, and the more so as you are come at a moment when we are sore put to it for means of defence."

"Hail!" cried Sir Nigel, pricking up his ears.

"Yes, my lord, for the town being very ancient and the walls as old as the town, it follows that they are very ancient too. But there is a certain villainous and bloodthirsty Norman pirate light Tete-noire, who, with a Genoan called Tito Caracel, commonly known as Spade-beard, hath been a mighty scourge upon these coasts. Indeed, my lord, they are very cruel and black-hearted men, graceless and ruthless, and if they could come to the ancient and powerful town of Lepe they would."

"Then good-bye to the ancient and powerful town of Lepe," quoth Ford, whose lightness of tongue could at times rise above his awe of Sir Nigel.

The knight, however, was too much intent upon the matter in hand to give heed to the flippancy of his squire.

"Have you then cause," he asked, "to think that these men are about to venture an attempt upon your town?"

"They have come in two great galleys," answered the mayor, "with two bank of oars on either side, and great store of engines of war and men-at-arms. At Weymouth and at Portland they have murdered and ravished. Yesterday morning they were at Cowes, and we saw the smoke from the burning crofts. To-day they lie at their ease near Freshwater, and we fear much lest they come upon us and do us mischief."

"We cannot tarry," said Sir Nigel, riding towards the town, with the mayor upon his left side; "the Prince awaits us at Bordeaux, and we may not be behind the general muster. Yet I will promise you that on our way we shall find time to pass Freshwater and to prevail upon these rovers to leave you in peace."

"We are beset to you!" cried the mayor. "But I cannot see, my lord, how, without a war ship, you may venture against these men. With your archers, however, you might well hold the town and do them great scath if they attempt to land."

"There is a very proper cog out yonder," said Sir Nigel; "it would be a very strange thing if any ship were not a war-ship when it had such men as these upon her decks. Certes, we shall sail away, and that no later than this very day."

"My lord," said a rough haired, dark-faced man, who walked by the knight's other stirrup, with his head levelled to catch all that he was saying. "By your leave, I have no doubt that you are skilled in land fighting and the marshalling of lances, but by my soul you will find it another thing upon the sea. I am the master-shipman of this yellow cog, and my name is Goodwin Hawtayne. I have sailed since I was as high as this staff, and I have fought against these Normans and against the Genoese, as well as the Scotch, the Bretons, the Spanish, and the Moors. I tell you, sir, that my ship is over light and over frail for such work, and it will be end in our having our throats cut or being sold as slaves to the Barbary heathen."

"I also have experienced one or two gentle and honorable ventures upon the sea," quoth Sir Nigel, "and I am right blithe to have so fair a task before me. I think, good master-shipman, that you and I may win great honor in this matter, and I can see very readily that you are a brave and stout man."

"I like it not," said the other sturdily. "In God's name, I like it not. And yet Goodwin Hawtayne is not the man to stand back when his fellows are for pressing forward. By my soul! he is a sink or swim. I shall turn my back into Freshwater Bay, and if good Master Willmot of Southampton, like me, may find another master-shipman."

They were close by the old north gate of the little town, and Alleyne, half turning in his saddle, looked back at the motley crowd who followed. The bowmen and men-at-arms had broken their ranks and were intermingled with the fishermen and citizens, whose laughing faces and hearty gestures bespoke the weight of care that was on their minds. The black woman who fringed the yellow beach to the left lay the green island of Wight, with its long, low, curving hills peeping over each other's shoulders to the sky-line; to the right the wooded Hampshire coast as far as eye could reach, above a steel-blue heaven, with a wintry sun shimmering down upon them, and enough of frost to set the breath a-smoking.

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you come upon an old friend and comrade."

"By St. Martin of Tours!" shouted the fat knight, his wrath all changed in an instant to joy. "If it is not our dear little game rooster of the Garonne. Ah, my sweet com, I am right glad to see you. What days we have seen together!"

"Aye, by my faith," cried Sir Nigel, with sparkling eyes. "We have seen some valiant men, and we have shown our pennons in some noble skirmishes. By St. Paul! we have had great joys in France."

"And sorrows also," quoth the other. "I have some sad memories of the land. Can you recall that which befell us at Libourne?"

"Nay, I cannot call to mind that we ever so much as drew sword at the place."

"Man, man," cried Sir Oliver, "your mind still runs on nought but blades and baginets. Hast no space in thy frame for the softer joys. Ah, even now I can scarce speak of it unmoved. So noble a pie, such tender pigeons, and sugar in the gravy instead of salt! You were by my side that day, as were Sir Claude Latour and the Lord of Pommern."

"Remember it!" said Sir Nigel, laughing. "and how you harried the cook down the street, and spoke of setting fire to the inn. By St. Paul! most worthy mayor, my old friend is a perilous man, and I redo you that you compose your difference with him on such terms as you may."

"The claims and scallaps shall be ready within the hour," said the mayor, answered. "I have asked Sir Oliver Buttershorn to do my humble board the honor to partake at it of the dainty upon which we take some little pride, but in sooth this alarm of pirates hath cast such a shadow on my wits that I am like one distraught. But I trust, Sir Nigel, that you will also partake of none-meat with me?"

"I have overmuch to do," Sir Nigel answered. "for we must be aboard, horse and man, as early as we may. How many do you muster, Sir Oliver?"

"Three and forty. The forty are drunk, and the three are but indifferent ships. I have them all safe upon the shore."

"They had best find their wits again, for I shall have work for every man of them ere the sun set. It is my intention, if it seems good to you, to try a venture against these Norman and Genoese rovers."

"They carry caviare and certain very noble spices from the Levant aboard of ships from Genoa," quoth Sir Oliver. "We may come to great profit through the business. I pray you, master-shipman, that when you go on board you pour a helmetful of seawater over the heads of my rogues whom you must see there."

Leaving the lusty knight and the Mayor of Lepe, Sir Nigel led the Company straight down to the water's edge, where long lines of flat lighters swiftly bore them to their vessel. Horse after horse was slung by main force up from the barges, and after kicking and plunging in empty air was dropped into the deep waist of the vessel, where rows of stalls stood ready for their safe keeping. Englishmen in those days were skilled and prompt in such matters, for it was not long before that Edward had come to the port of Orwell, with their horses and their baggage, all in the space of four-and-twenty hours. So urgent was Sir Nigel on the shore, and so prompt the men on board, that the yellow cog, which Sir Oliver Buttershorn had scarce swallowed his last scallap, ere the peal of the trumpet and clang of nakir announced that all was ready and the anchor drawn. In the last boat which left the shore the two commanders sat together in the sheets, a strange contrast to one another, while under the feet of the rovers was a litter of huge stones, which Sir Nigel had ordered to be carried to the cog. These once aboard, the ship set her broad mainsail, purple in color, and with a golden St. Christopher bearing Christ upon his shoulder in the centre of it. The breeze blew, the sail bellied, over heeled the portly vessel, and away she plunged through the smooth blue rollers, amid the clank of the miztrails on her poop and the clanking of the black woman who fringed the yellow beach.

To the left lay the green island of Wight, with its long, low, curving hills peeping over each other's shoulders to the sky-line; to the right the wooded Hampshire coast as far as eye could reach, above a steel-blue heaven, with a wintry sun shimmering down upon them, and enough of frost to set the breath a-smoking.

"By St. Paul!" said Sir Nigel gayly, as he stood upon the poop and looked on either side of him. "It is a land which is very well worth fighting for, and it were a pity to go to France for what may be had at home. Did you not spy a crooked man upon the beach?"

"Nay, I spied nothing," grumbled Sir Oliver, "for I was hurried down by a clam stuck in my gizzard and an untasted goblet of Cyprus on the board behind me."

"I saw him, my fair lord," said Terlake, "an old man with one shoulder higher than the other."

"Tis a sign of good fortune," quoth Sir Nigel. "Our path was also crossed by a woman and by a priest, so all were well with us. What say you, Edricson?"

"I cannot tell, my fair lord. The Romans of old were a very wise people, yet, certes, they pieced their faith in such matters. So, too, did the Greeks, and divers other ancient peoples who were famed for their learning. Yet of the moderns there are many who scoff at all omens."

"There can be no manner of doubt about it," said Sir Oliver Buttershorn. "I can well remember that in Navarre one day it thundered on the left, one day it clouded sky. We knew that ill would come of it, nor had we long to wait. Only thirteen days after, a haunch of prime venison was carried from my very tent door by the wolves, and on the same day two flocks of old vermin turned sour and muddy."

"You may bring my harness from below," said Sir Nigel to his squire, and also, I pray you, bring up Sir Oliver, for we shall don it here. Ye may then see to your own gear; for this day you will, I hope, make a very honorable entrance into the field of chivalry, and prove yourselves to be very worthy and valiant squires. And now, Sir Oliver, as to our dispositions: would it please you that I should order them or will you?"

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"By St. Martin of Tours!" shouted the fat knight, his wrath all changed in an instant to joy. "If it is not our dear little game rooster of the Garonne. Ah, my sweet com, I am right glad to see you. What days we have seen together!"

"Aye, by my faith," cried Sir Nigel, with sparkling eyes. "We have seen some valiant men, and we have shown our pennons in some noble skirmishes. By St. Paul! we have had great joys in France."

"And sorrows also," quoth the other. "I have some sad memories of the land. Can you recall that which befell us at Libourne?"

"Nay, I cannot call to mind that we ever so much as drew sword at the place."

"Man, man," cried Sir Oliver, "your mind still runs on nought but blades and baginets. Hast no space in thy frame for the softer joys. Ah, even now I can scarce speak of it unmoved. So noble a pie, such tender pigeons, and sugar in the gravy instead of salt! You were by my side that day, as were Sir Claude Latour and the Lord of Pommern."

"Remember it!" said Sir Nigel, laughing. "and how you harried the cook down the street, and spoke of setting fire to the inn. By St. Paul! most worthy mayor, my old friend is a perilous man, and I redo you that you compose your difference with him on such terms as you may."

"The claims and scallaps shall be ready within the hour," said the mayor, answered. "I have asked Sir Oliver Buttershorn to do my humble board the honor to partake at it of the dainty upon which we take some little pride, but in sooth this alarm of pirates hath cast such a shadow on my wits that I am like one distraught. But I trust, Sir Nigel, that you will also partake of none-meat with me?"

"I have overmuch to do," Sir Nigel answered. "for we must be aboard, horse and man, as early as we may. How many do you muster, Sir Oliver?"

"Three and forty. The forty are drunk, and the three are but indifferent ships. I have them all safe upon the shore."

"They had best find their wits again, for I shall have work for every man of them ere the sun set. It is my intention, if it seems good to you, to try a venture against these Norman and Genoese rovers."

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like two godawks in a horn. To there not some symbol or device upon their sails?"

"That on the right," said Edricson, "appears to have the head of an Ethiope upon it."

"Tis the badge of Tete-noire, the Norman," cried the seaman-mariner. "I have seen it before, when he harried us at Winchelsea. He is a wondrous large and strong man, with no ruth for man, woman, or beast. They say that he hath the strength of six, and, certes, he hath the crimes of six upon his soul. See, now, to the poor souls who swing at either end of his yard-arm!"

At each end of the yard there did indeed hang the dark figure of a man, jolting and lurching with hideous jerks of its limbs at every plunge and swoop of the galleys.

"By St. Paul!" said Sir Nigel, "and by the help of St. George and Our Lady, it will be a very strange thing if our black-headed friend does not himself swing thence ere he be many hours older. But what is that upon the other galley?"

"It is the red cross of Genoa. This Spade-beard is a very noted captain, and it is his boast that there are no seamen and no archers in the world who can come to terms with those who serve the Doge Boccanegra."

"That we shall prove," said Goodwin Hawtayne; "but it would be well, ere they close with us, to raise up the mantlets and pavises as a screen against their bolts." He shouted a hoarse order, and his seamen worked swiftly and silently, heightening the bulwarks and strengthening them. The three ships' anchors were at Sir Nigel's command carried into the waist, and tied to the mast, with twenty feet of cable between each anchor, and each care of four seamen. Eight others were stationed with leather water-bags to quench any fire-arrows which might come aboard, while others were sent up the mast, to lie along the yard and drop stones or shoot arrows as the occasion served.

"Let them be supplied with all that is heavy and weighty in the ship," said Sir Nigel.

"Then we must send them up Sir Oliver Buttershorn," quoth Ford.

The knight looked at him with a face which struck the smile from his lips. "No squire of mine," he said. "I shall ever make test of a noted knight. And yet," he added, his eyes softening, "I know that it is but a boy's mirth, with no sting in it. Yet I should ill do my part towards your father if I did not teach you to curb your tongue-play."

"They will lay us aboard on either quarter, my lord," cried the master. "See how they stretch out from each other! The Norman hath a mangonel or a trabuch upon the forecastle. See, they bend to the levers! They are about to loose it."

"Ayward!" cried the knight, "pick your three trustiest archers, and see if you cannot do something to hinder their aim. Methinks they are within long arrow flight."

"Seventeen score paces," said the archer, running his eye backwards and forwards. By my iron finger-bones! it would be a strange thing if we could not notch a mark at that distance. Here, Watkin of Sowley, Arnold, Long Williams, let us show the rogues that they have English bowmen to deal with."

The three archers named stood at the further end of the poop, balancing themselves with feet widely spread and bows drawn, until the heads of the cloth-yard arrows were level with the centre of the stern. "You are the sure, Watkin," said Ayward, standing by them with shaft upon string. "Do you take the rogue with the red coil. You two bring down the man with the head-piece, and I will hold myself ready if you miss. Ma foi! they are about to loose her. Shoot, my garçons, or you will be too late."

The throng of pirates had cleared away from the great wooden catapult, leaving two of their number to discharge it. One in a scarlet cap bent over it, steadying the jagged rock which was balanced on the spoon-shaped end of the long wooden lever. The other held the loop of the rope which would release the catch and send the unwieldy missile hurtling through the air. So for an instant they stood, showing hard and clear against the white sail behind them. The next, red-cap had fallen across the stone with an arrow between his ribs; and the other, struck in the leg and in the breast with a withering and splintering shower of bolts, had fallen sprawling on the ground. As he toppled backwards he had loosed the spring, and the huge beam of wood, swinging round with tremendous force, cast the corpse of his comrade so close to the English ship that its mangled and distorted limbs grazed their very stern. As to the stone, it glanced off obliquely and fell midway between the vessels. A roar of cheering and of laughter broke from the rough archers and seamen on the sight, answered by a yell of rage from their pursuers.

"Lie low, men enfants," cried Ayward, motioning with his left hand. "They will learn wisdom. They are bringing forward shield and mantlet. We shall have some pebbles about our ears ere long."

CHAPTER XVI

How the Yellow Cog fought the Two Rover Gallies.

The three vessels had been sweeping swiftly westwards, the cog still well to the front, although the galleys were slowly drawing in upon either quarter. To the left was a hard sky-line unbroken by a sail. The island already lay like a cloud behind them, while right in front was St. Alban's Head, with Portland looming mistily in the farthest distance. Alleyne stood by the tiller, looking backwards, the fresh wind full in his face, the crisp winter tingling on his nose and blowing his yellow curls from under his basinet. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes shining, for the blood of a hundred fighting Saxon ancestors was beginning to stir in his veins.

"What was that?" he asked, as a hissing, sharp-drawn voice seemed to whisper in his ear. The steersman smiled, and pointed with his foot to where a short heavy cross-bow quarrel stuck quivering in the boards. At the same instant the man stumbled forward upon his knees, and lay lifeless upon the deck, his blood-stained feather jutting out from his crown. Alleyne stooped, to raise him, the cog seemed to be alive with the sharp zip-zip of the bolts, and he could hear them pattering on the deck like apples at a tree-shaking.

TO BE CONTINUED.



When a mother thinks she is going to die and wishes she could, what happens to the child? Where else shall the child get the love, kindness and care that is to ripen it into useful, happy maturity? Where is the husband to turn for the comfort of home—



the sympathy of a wife affection—the support that only a strong, cheerful, healthful help-mate can give? Who is to be glad of the mother's death? Mother—father—child? Whose fault is it? No body's—certainly not the child's. Either the mother or father can write to Dr. Pierce and receive medical advice free. Thousands have done it. Thousands of homes have been made happy by it. Thousands of weak women suffering with the pains and debilitating drains of a diseased condition of the distinctly feminine organism have followed Dr. Pierce's advice and become again blooming, vigorous, loving, cheerful and loved. Dr. R. V. Pierce is chief consulting physician at the world-famous Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., and during his thirty years' practice here developed his great family medicines—Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

Mrs. Clara Nelson of Pico Heights, Los Angeles, Cal., writes: "I send you my picture taken with my little boy. I do not look so sad now as I do in the picture; I was sick then and I thought my days would not be long, but your kindness and medicine would not let me die. You have my heartfelt thanks for your advice to me in my sickness, also for your book which I received two years ago, and which I could not do without. It is all the Doctor's advice I have followed. I feel better now, and Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, together with the advice given in his book, cured me of five years' sickness."

The book Mrs. Nelson mentions is Dr. Pierce's 1,000 page "Medical Adviser," the most useful "doctor book" published. A copy in stiff paper covers sent on receipt of 21 one-cent stamps to pay expense of mailing only; in cloth-binding ten stamps extra. Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

**DRINK ONLY THE PUREST WHISKY.**  
**Taylor Whiskey.**  
FINE OLD KENTUCKY  
If you want purity and richness of flavor, try our OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR, 8 years old and our own distillation and guaranteed pure. Bottled and shipped direct from our warehouses by us. None genuine without our signature on both labels. For consumption, indigestion, and all ailments requiring stimulants, OLD KENTUCKY TAYLOR has no superior. Sold by all first-class druggists, grocers, and liquor dealers.  
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**BUY ONLY THE BEST OLD CO. LEHIGH -COAL-**  
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## CAUGHT BY AMBUSH

### GEN. SCHWAN AND STAFF GET INTO A TRAP.

**American Forces Succeed in Dislodging the Filipinos and Put Them to Flight—Mules Collapse on Account of the Muddy Condition of the Country.**

Manila, Oct. 12.—General Schwan's column, having accomplished its purpose of punishing the natives, is returning from San Francisco de Malabon, with artillery and the transportation service.

The Thirteenth Infantry lost two officers—Captain Marion B. Sanford and Captain Woodbridge Geary, both battalion commanders.

San Francisco de Malabon, Oct. 12.—Gen. Schwan's column, approaching this town, marched through a country so muddy that all the mules collapsed. The general occupied the town without fighting, the natives retreating under cover of the creek beds. Later, reconnoitering in force southward the United States soldiers discovered the trenches whence hidden Filipinos poured several volleys on the general and his staff.

The enemy resisted stubbornly. The reconnoiterers, consisting of Capt. Geary's battalion of the Thirteenth Regiment and two guns of Riley's Battery, drove the natives two miles, fighting all the way. They found a held place and several wounded and sick Filipinos flying red flags. They captured twenty-five Filipinos, including three officers. Many Filipino dead were strewn along the fields. The Americans' total loss was one officer and seven men wounded.

Gen. Schwan's main column started along a very bad road on the left bank of the river, flankers being thrown far out and Major Budd's battalion on the right bank covering the flank, rendering the fire from the native trenches ineffective. Major Budd returned to Santa Cruz before dark. The natives seem to be generally supporters of the insurrection but few have arms. There was much firing at American soldiers from the natives' huts.

**Funston is Popular.**  
Tupelo, Kan., Oct. 12.—Upon the receipt of the bulletin announcing the arrival of Gen. Funston and the Twentieth Kansas at San Francisco, Tupelo turned into a bedlam. The whistles of all the manufacturing institutions began to screech, and every church bell in the city rang out the glad tidings. The streets were soon filled with persons, and there was great rejoicing. Reports of similar demonstrations came from Lawrence, Ottawa, Hutchinson and other Kansas towns.

**His Opinion of Filipinos.**  
San Francisco, Oct. 12.—Gen. Funston, when asked what he thought of the Filipinos, said: "They have some pretty good fighters there and some pretty good shots, but the majority of them are poor."

He added that while some of the Filipinos were intelligent, he did not think they were capable of self-government.

**Has Dug His Own Grave.**  
Pineville, Ky., Oct. 12.—On Phillips Fork Creek, in Leslie County, 20 miles from here, Ephraim Heltan, an old soldier, has dug his own grave. In a cave 50 feet from the outside surface, he did this by entering and cutting the vault in a rock inside the cave. He has measured it with his own body, and made it a perfect fit. He has cut his own tombstone, will build his own coffin and buy his burial clothes, so that no one may be put to any trouble in burying him.

**Discussion Leads to Murder.**  
Louisville, Ky., Oct. 12.—William E. Huesman, who is under indictment for killing James Minor last summer, probably fatally shot by Marshall, a tinner, at Twelfth and Kentucky streets, Wednesday, the men were talking of the Minor tragedy when the quarrel leading to the cutting arose. Huesman threw his adversary to the floor and drew a knife across his throat, severing the wind pipe. Huesman made his escape.

## STRONG TESTIMONY

### This is Portsmouth Testimony and Will Stand Investigation.

If you doubt the following and wish to investigate on your part, go to some other state in the Union to prove it. It is not a long story published in Portsmouth newspapers about a Kalamazoo, Mich., or Tampa, Fla. It is about a resident of Portsmouth and given in his own words. No stronger proof can be had.

Mr. Charles Kennedy of 25 Gates street says: "A few years ago I was laid up with rheumatism for over two months so that I could not get out of the house. I never gained my former strength and my kidneys are apt to become sluggish. During the winter I was taken with a very lame back and the constant ache made me miserable. I was so sore over my kidneys that I could hardly pick up anything from the floor, and twinges caught me in the back that were excruciating. I went to Philbrick's pharmacy on Congress street. Doan's Kidney Pills after I commenced to use them I gradually grew better till the lameness and soreness entirely disappeared."

For sale by all dealers; price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y., sole agents for the U. S.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no substitute.

## THEATRICAL NOTES.

The Morrison Comedy company will fill in the second week of November at Music hall, with repertoire.

The strong realistic drama, "We Uns of Tennessee," will be seen here for one night, the last week of this month.

The Dover papers protest against the report that The Christian got a front there a week ago, and declare that it drew a packed house.

There will be two attractions at Music hall next week, Sunline of Paradise Alley on Tuesday night and Yale's Evil Eye company on Friday night.

Willard Holcombe, formerly dramatic critic of the Washington Post, and one of the brightest of the choice newspaper coterie at the capital, is located at Boston, doing the press work for Liebler & Company's production of Sag Harbor, with James A. Herne in the leading role.

Sanford Wallin, advance agent for the E. V. Philan stock company, is in town successfully promoting publicity for the company's Concord engagement next week. If the company is up to the standard of its advance man it will merit crowded houses all the week.—Concord Monitor.

## ELECTRIC CAR ETIQUETTE.

The new vestibule cars are not less ornamental than useful, and patrons will need to observe certain rules. Smoking will only be allowed only on the forward platform, and spitting on the floor is strictly forbidden. It may seem a waste of words to call attention to the matter of spitting on the floor, but the practice will be no longer tolerated. In Boston, cases have been reduced to a minimum, for the sign "No spitting on the sidewalk or car floor" instinctively opens the eyes and closes the mouth.

Persons who scratch matches on the polished finish of the cars are likely to receive immediate reprimand. When there are seats within the rear platform is not to be blocked. The ventilation of the cars is to receive the continual attention of the conductors in charge, who will try to keep a nearly even temperature, and as it requires as much electricity for the heaters as for the running of the cars, only the amount needed for heating will be used.

## NEW VOLUME OF SKETCHES.

Seumas MacManus, the young Irishman who came to New York a stranger, and bombarded the editors and publishers with so early and complete a victory as almost to discourage native writers, is the author of a volume of sketches of giants, witches, kings and fairy spells, entitled "In the Chimney Corner," to be brought out in the middle of October by Doubleday & McClure Co. These stories owe their charm no more to the way in which Mr. MacManus has caught the elusive spirit of folk lore, than to the fact that they are so delightfully and laughingly Irish. The book is elaborately illustrated in color by Miss Pamela Colman Smith, who has done a remarkable piece of work in getting hold of the author's will-o-the-wisp humor.

## PROMOTIONS AT NAVY YARD.

Charles A. Wendell, leading machinist, and George W. Macmore, leading machinist, were on Thursday promoted to be quartermen. Both are first-class mechanics and their advancement was deserved.

## For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soreness Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for Diarrhoea. Twenty five cents a bottle.

## TO FIGHT POLYGAMY

### MINISTERS WILL OPPOSE CONGRESSMAN ROBERTS.

**Salt Lake City Preacher Starts the Movement Against the Congressman-Elect From Utah—Last Sunday in October to Be Devoted to the Matter.**

New York, Oct. 12.—Ministers in many churches of New York and of the entire country will devote a sermon on the last Sunday of October to the fight being waged against the admission to Congress of Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah.

Secretary William R. Campbell, under direction of the Ministerial Association, of Salt Lake City, sent requests for the observance of that date with special sermons, which requests have been received by the New York ministers.

John B. Devins, editor of the New York Observer, said: "I was with Mr. Campbell on my vacation this summer, and I found that he is doing a great work in Utah. While time has not yet elapsed for action upon the request, as it arrived only Wednesday, I have no doubt the suggestion will be widely followed. There is a great deal of feeling all over the country on this Roberts matter, which will make the ministers quite ready to co-operate. The leadership of Miss Helen M. Gould in a woman's movement has greatly added to the interest. Hardly any other woman in the country now could command more attention."

This is the note sent out by Mr. Campbell.

My Dear Brother—The Salt Lake Ministerial Association, including in its membership the Methodist, Baptist, Congregational, Presbyterian, Episcopal and Lutheran ministers of Salt Lake City and vicinity, hereby sends greeting to all Christian ministers of every name throughout our land.

Most earnestly protesting against the threatened perpetration of the practice of polygamy in Utah, and in behalf of the Christian home and the fair name of our beloved land we ask you, if you can consistently do so, to preach a sermon in defense of the Christian home on the last Sabbath of October, 1902, and to see that a general citizens' mass meeting is held in each county the following week to arouse public sentiment in favor of the expulsion of "Elder" Brigham H. Roberts, of Utah, from the House of Representatives.

Secretary Campbell has also just issued this statement:

"It is frequently stated in the public prints that the fight which is being made against Mr. Roberts is prompted by partisan motives. The utter falsity of this charge becomes apparent when we remember that his predecessor belonged to the same political party that Mr. Roberts does, and that no fight was ever made to have him expelled from the House. Such a thing was not even thought of in connection with Mr. King."

"Moreover, the present political conditions in this State clearly indicate that if Mr. Roberts is expelled in favor of a member of the same party, he will be a member of the same party. Hence, neither party has anything to gain or to lose in numerical strength in the present House by the expulsion of Mr. Roberts; but both would gain in prestige before the country and before the whole civilized world by doing their full part in promptly vindicating the historic position of the American Congress in the face of the open violation of the arch-enemy of the home and the greatest foe to our civilization."

"The non-partisanship of this movement is further evidenced by the fact that a large percentage, if not the majority, of its staunchest supporters belong to the Democratic party to which Mr. Roberts professes to belong. These men strongly resent the insult offered to the party by the admission of a man to Congress who is a polygamist, and they are ready to support the proposition that it shall become the champion of the polygamist; and well they may, for as every intelligent person knows there is nothing in this country which is more anti-Democratic or anti-Republican than a polygamist aristocracy, such as Mr. Roberts is seeking to have established upon our American soil."

"Again, it is frequently stated that we are fighting Mr. Roberts because he is a Mormon. That our campaign is therefore a species of religious persecution. The falsity of this charge is evident from the fact that Mr. King, Mr. Roberts' predecessor, was also a Mormon and a high officer in the said church, the same as Mr. Roberts, though no fight of this kind was ever made upon him, because he respected the laws and the covenants made by his people in order to secure amnesty and Statehood."

"In a crisis like this the effort to degrade the campaign into a partisan squabble will utterly fail. The American people are a true and historic people. In the face of a deadly foe, all sections, creeds and parties will rally as one man to the defense of their cherished institutions. This campaign will demonstrate that this holds good not only in the presence of a foreign foe, but also when the foe springs up in our midst, especially when the attack is made upon the home, which to every true American, is the dearest institution on earth."

## Commercial Congress Opens.

Philadelphia, Oct. 12.—Nearly all of the delegates to the International Commercial Congress, which opened today in the auditorium of the main building of the National Export Exposition, have now arrived. Representatives of forty nations and of about 200 of the principal chambers of commerce are here.

## Near Death in Submarine Boat.

Greenport, L. I., Oct. 12.—In a trial trip of the Holland submarine torpedo boat yesterday afternoon, the crew became suffocated by gas when the craft was under water and all came near losing their lives. As it was they were unconscious when taken out and were revived with much difficulty.

## TALKED TO THE VETERANS

### President McKinley Addresses the Blue and the Gray.

Evansville, Ind., Oct. 12.—President McKinley and members of his cabinet came from Chicago to attend the annual reunion of the Blue and the Gray. Ten thousand veterans and visitors thronged about the railroad station and those in gray vied with the veterans in blue in a tremendous ovation when the presidential party arrived.

Owing to the short stay of the President the party was at once escorted by the Cleveland Grays and reception committee to the fair grounds, where President McKinley delivered an address. He said:

"It gives me very great pleasure to participate with you, men of the North and men of the South, in this glad reunion of hearts. We are already united, the peace which Grant and Lee made at Appomattox has kept, not by law or restraint, but by love and fraternal regard. The Union to-day rests upon a force which may fail, but rests in the hearts of the people, a union that never can be severed."

"If I have been permitted in the slightest degree to help in the work of reconciliation and unification, I will esteem it the greatest honor of my life. When I made the call for troops to prosecute the Spanish war, men from the north and south, without regard to political belief or religious creed, rallied to the standard of the Union. The sons of old Confederate soldiers, the best of the North came, the sons of the old members of the Grand Army of the Republic. All men together in heart and hand to follow the flag of their country wherever it might lead. We have been reconciled; more than reconciled, for our reconciliation has been baptized in the best blood of both sections of our beloved country. If a northern soldier put the flag up at Santiago, a southern soldier, the gallant Brumby of Georgia put it up over Manila. It rests with us to look to the future, putting the past behind us. And this government relies upon the patriotism of the country, North and South, to stand by the purposes of the government and follow in the pathway of its destiny."

"I am glad to meet and greet you; we come together, not as we came a third of a century ago, with arms in our hands, but we come with love for each in our hearts."

## Democrats Decline for Bryan.

New York, Oct. 12.—By a vote of 34 to 14 the Democratic State Committee adopted resolutions endorsing William Jennings Bryan for the Presidential nomination by the next national convention of the party. The resolution was offered to the committee by Richard Croker, and was opposed vehemently by David H. Hill. It was not this expression of sympathy for Mr. Bryan's fitness that aroused Mr. Hill's opposition. It was Mr. Croker's definition of him as "the natural and approved leader of the Democratic party in the nation" that aroused Mr. Hill. But the resolution was carried, despite Mr. Hill's protest.

## Think Girl Has Suicided.

Midletown, Conn., Oct. 12.—It is believed that Annie Neuberth, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Philip Neuberth, who has been missing from her home since Sunday, has committed suicide. A hat worn by the girl at the time she left home has been found on the banks of Hollow Pond. It was stated by the police that the girl did not get along well with her relatives.

## Nearly Devoured by a Hog.

Shelbyville, Ind., Oct. 12.—While feeding his stock Moses Massengale accidentally stepped upon a small pig, which began squealing. The mother, a very large animal, threw Massengale to the ground, and he was badly injured before the infuriated beast could be driven away. He will die.

## Reorganizing Carnegie Company.

Chicago, Oct. 12.—The reorganization of the Carnegie Steel Company has not been abandoned. It is now believed that at the beginning of the year renewed efforts are to be made to combine the company with certain other interests by means of further subscription.

## Two More Cases of Smallpox.

San Francisco, Oct. 12.—Two more suspected cases of small-pox have broken out in the Thirty-first Volunteers at Angel Island. The names are not made public. The quarantine which was to have been raised will be preserved until it is discovered whether the cases are genuine.

## Brooding Caused His Suicide.

Pekin, Ill., Oct. 12.—William Dillon, a bachelor farmer, committed suicide near here by drowning himself in an old well. Allen Leonard, at whose home he lived, also committed suicide last May. Brooding over the death is assigned as the reason for Dillon's rash deed.

## President Wilson Not Ill.

Lexington, Va., Oct. 12.—The report emanating from West Virginia that Hon. William L. Wilson, President of Washington and Lee University, is dangerously ill is unfounded. He is actively attending his duties as President of the university.

## Fire in a Louisiana Town.

Now Iberia, La., Oct. 12.—Fire, which started in Estorago's drug store from the explosion of a lamp, destroyed a large part of the business section of this town. The loss is estimated at \$200,000.

## Great-Grand-Parents Married.

Noblesville, Ind., Oct. 12.—James E. Martin, aged 84, and Mrs. Mary Ann, aged 80, were married here on Wednesday. Both have great grandchildren.

## Situation in Venezuela.

Caracas, Venezuela, Oct. 12.—The Peace Party is gaining ground. The Government troops have been ordered to retreat on La Victoria.

## Not to Bar Consumptives.

San Francisco, Oct. 12.—The State Board of Health has decided not to quarantine California against the consumption of other states.

## JAMES A. HERNE IN "SAG HARBOR."

Liebler & Co., the managers of Viola Allen in The Christian, and the producers of the Zangwill play, Children of the Ghetto, which, begun its metropolitan run at the Herald Square theatre in New York the 16th inst., will make another most notable production at the Park theatre in Boston during the week commencing Monday, the 21st inst. They will present James A. Herne's new play, Sag Harbor, an old story from the pen of this talented actor and playwright. Mr. Herne will himself play the principal role.

The characters in the play are all types of people who may be seen daily in this town and along the Long Island shore. The baymen of Long Island are characters new to the stage, and in this respect Mr. Herne will present as great a novelty as he did in "Shore Acres," the characters of which typified "farm and sea life in Maine. The story is one of homely human nature, told by sincere human characters, with a strong love interest running through it. Comedy will be one of its features—the comedy founded on the unconscious humor of life, on which Mr. Herne always depends for the brighter side of dramatic creations. The funny thing that people unconsciously do and say, depicted on the stage, creates truer and healthier merriment than forced situations whose artificiality betrays the striving for comic effect. In presenting natural comedy of this kind Mr. Herne is a master.

Mr. Herne's new play will appeal particularly to the same class of people to whom "The Christian" has proved so attractive to the church-goer and to the regular theatre-patron who delights in true dramatic art and who discounts unadvised questionable entertainments. Mr. Herne always provides healthful amusement in his plays, as every one who has witnessed "Shore Acres," "Hearts of Oak," and "Rev. Griffith Davenport" can testify. Wednesday and Saturday matinee performances will be given during Mr. Herne's stay at the Park theatre in Boston. Seats may be ordered by mail or express when accompanied by remittance.

## EXPOSITION MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Combining, as it does, a musical festival, the Philadelphia Export Exposition offers a variety of attractions such as has never been afforded by similar enterprises. Every afternoon and evening, Sundays excepted, concerts are given in the auditorium (seating 5,000 persons), by leading musical organizations of the country, and the interstices are filled with organ recitals by some of the most noted performers.

The United States Marine Band, of seventy-one pieces, which gave the first of these musical entertainments, will return for a second engagement. Sousa's famous band was followed by Fritz Scheel's New York orchestra. Next on the schedule is Damarosch's orchestra, and, in turn the Linda Ross's; Jones' celebrated Concert Band; the First Regiment Band of the National Guards of Pennsylvania, and the Municipal Band of Philadelphia.

A delightful feature of the Exposition musical programme will be two concerts by the combined Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar clubs of Philadelphia, assisted by talent from other cities, comprising several hundred performers. On German day, the combined singing societies of Philadelphia will fill the auditorium with their melodies.

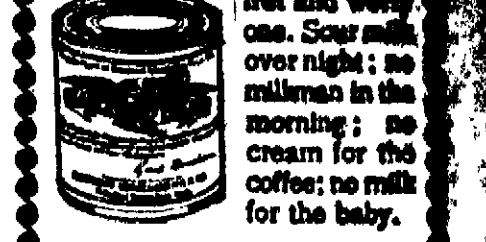
## JOSEPH JEFFERSON AT BOSTON THEATRE.

Next Monday evening, Oct. 16, is the date selected by Jefferson for his revival of Washington Irving's celebrated legend, "Rip Van Winkle," at the Boston theatre. Mr. Jefferson has entirely recovered from his sickness of last season and is now in perfect health. The name of Joseph Jefferson is a household word, and today this famous actor numbers his friends and admirers as legion. He will be at the Boston theatre for one week only, including a Wednesday and Saturday matinee, and will present "Rip Van Winkle" at every performance save that of Saturday evening, when he will appear in his famous impersonation of Bob Acres in "The Rivals." The seat sale for the Jefferson engagement opened briskly last Monday morning.

## A THOUSAND TONGUES.

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard street, Philadelphia, Pa., when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"It soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I feel like mentioning to everyone who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the Throat, Chest or Lungs, Price 50c. and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at the Globe Grocery Co. Every bottle guaranteed.

## Small Annoyances



first and worst one. Sour milk over night; no milkman in the morning; no cream for the coffee; no milk for the baby.

## Gail Borden Eagle Brand

CONDENSED MILK  
Is always available. Has stood first for forty years.

Send for Book on "Babies." BORDEN'S CONDENSED MILK CO., N. Y.

## Introduction

The readers of this paper need no introduction to the Frank Jones Brewing Co., or its products; when the statement is made by this reliable house that their new

## Victor Bottled Ale

is second to none in existence and they are ready to stand behind the assertion, further proof of quality is not necessary.

Are you satisfied that 40 years of successful business means anything? If so send your next order to

Frank Jones Brewing Co., Portsmouth, N. H., or Newfield's Bottling Co., Newfield, N. H., and make assurance doubly sure. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Put up in 1-2 pints, 1-2 quarts.

P. S.—Remember the brand "VICTOR"

## Professional Cards.

**W. O. JUNKINS, M. D.,**  
Residence, 98 State St.  
Office, 26 Congress St.  
Portsmouth, N. H.

OFFICE HOURS: 1 A. M. to 10 P. M.  
7:30 to 10 Evenings

**C. D. HINMAN, D. D. S.,**  
DENTAL ROOMS, 10 MARKET SQUARE  
Portsmouth, N. H.

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78 State Street, Portsmouth, N. H.  
Office Hours:  
9 A. M. to 12 P. M. and 2 P. M. to 6 P. M.

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Go to

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Deer Street,  
Or call him by telephone 18-3  
and he will send any team you want to your door.

**Choice Horses,**  
**Well Equipped Carriages**

## Buy Now!

HAVE JUST RECEIVED A NEW LOT OF  
Buggies of all descriptions, Milk Wagons,  
Steam Laundry Wagons, Horse Wagons and Show Cattle Carriages.

Also a large line of New and Second-Hand  
clothes, Single and Double, Heavy  
and Light, and I will sell them  
at Very Low Prices.

Just drop around and look them over. If you don't want to buy.

## THOMAS MCQUE,

Stone Stable - Fleet Street



# THE HERALD.

(Published Every Evening, Sundays and Holidays.)  
ESTABLISHED SEP. 23, 1864.

Published every evening, Sundays and holidays.  
Subscription price, \$1.00 per month, in advance.  
Single copies, 5 cents per copy, delivered by mail.  
Advertising rates reasonable and made known on application.  
Communications should be addressed to  
HERALD PUBLISHING CO.,  
PORTSMOUTH, N. H.

Telephone No. 2-4.  
F. W. HARTFORD,  
R. M. TILTON,  
Editors and Proprietors.

(Printed at the Portsmouth, N. H. Post Office  
as second class mail matter.)

## FOR PORTSMOUTH AND PORTSMOUTH'S INTERESTS.

You want local news? Read the  
Herald. More local news than all other  
local dailies combined. Try it.

FRIDAY, OCT. 13, 1899.

A timely weather forecast: Dewey in  
Vermont; foggy in New York.

Admiral Dewey has been detached  
from the Olympia, but he is still at-  
tached to the United States of America  
by a large majority.

"Imperialism," shrieks Gov. Len  
Stephens, of Missouri—"imperialism is  
lurking in our midst!" Mr. Stephens  
ought to try essence of peppermint.

Dozens of newspaper correspondents  
are already headed for the Transvaal.  
Hostilities are therefore likely to break  
out in the columns of their respective  
journals at any moment.

This is Dewey week in Vermont. One  
of the largest features of the jubilation  
will be the smile on the average Ver-  
mont's face when he hears the fantas-  
tic story that the admiral is a democ-  
rat.

If Andree, the explorer, has actually  
reached the north pole, as his friends  
believe, he ought to send word of the  
fact by wireless telegraph. These bot-  
tle and buoy messages are unconvin-  
cing.

Secretary Wilson estimates that the  
country's corn crop this year will amount  
to at least 2,300,000,000 bushels or  
more. General Prosperity evidently  
has the material on hand for a fine old-  
fashioned husking bee.

Under the hypnotic influence of the  
Hon. W. J. Bryan, the valorous democ-  
rats of Texas have chipped in with a  
contribution of \$20,000 to his campaign  
fund. In the practical art of passing  
the hat Mr. Bryan has few equals  
and no superiors.

Admiral Dewey has been invited to  
visit Atlanta, and will doubtless do so  
in the near future. And when he goes  
he will, of course, take along with him  
that cheerful, bustling, always ready  
Yankee, Tom Brumby of Georgia, late  
flag lieutenant of the Olympia.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, has  
got back from Europe, and reports  
that Englishmen are "laughing in their  
sleeves" over the Philippine policy of  
the United States. No other person ex-  
cept the senator has this news. It is  
exclusively his, as much so as his watch  
or his tooth brush.

### BRITISH VS. BOERS.

The world awaits with bated breath  
the sequel of the Boer ultimatum to  
Great Britain. Apparently it makes cer-  
tain a war that will deluge South Africa  
in blood, insure the bitterest of racial  
hatred for generations and precipitate  
prolonged sufferings and hardships  
which might, we believe, have been  
avoided by a larger measure of British  
concession to the mental limitations  
with which nature has handicapped the  
Dutchman of the Transvaal. Much of  
what England demands is right. Much  
of what the Boers insist upon is by no  
means wrong. The culmination now at  
hand is largely the result of "pin-prick."  
This we believe to be the general drift  
of American sentiment—that the im-  
pending war will figure in history as a  
needless one and a violation on both  
sides of the spirit of the time. We can  
only pray, if the worst must come, that  
the conflict be so formidable as to com-  
pel an early termination.

### KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS DANCE POSTPONED.

Owing to the death of Brother John  
Kilgore, of Dover, the Knights of Co-  
lumbus dance which was to be held this  
evening, has been postponed to Friday  
evening, Oct. 20th.

### NEW HAMPSHIRE RED MEN.

CLAREMONT, N. H., Oct. 12.—The  
Great Council of New Hampshire, I.  
O. O. F. M., met in Knights of Pythias  
hall today. The reports show twenty-  
six tribes with an aggregate mem-  
bership of 2432. The officers elected for  
the ensuing year were as follows:  
Great Sachem, Edgar D. Cheever of  
Manchester;  
Great Senior Sagamore, Irving W.  
Hodson of Center Harbor;  
Great Junior Sagamore, Harden N.  
Dexter of Salmon Falls;  
Great Prophet, Levi N. Edwards of  
Wolfeboro;  
Great Keeper of Records, James T.  
Whitehead of Dover;  
Great Keeper of Wampum, Ceylon  
Spinney of Portsmouth;  
Great Trustee, Benjamin Herbert of  
Manchester;  
Great Representative, Levi N. Ed-  
wards of Wolfeboro.

### PROVIDENCE RACES.

PROVIDENCE, R. I., Oct. 12.—The  
light harness racing in connection with  
the fair today was the best of the week.  
Rossitor won in the 220 class trot in  
three straight heats, and J. W. E.,  
Flirt and Georgianna won in three  
straight heats in the 224 pace, 2.11  
pace and 2.12 trot, respectively.  
220 class trot, purse \$400, three in  
five, Rossitor first, Minnie B. second.  
Best time, 2.16 1-4.  
224 class pace, purse \$300, three in  
five, J. W. E. first, Benny B. second.  
Best time, 2.16 1-2.  
2.11 class pace, purse \$500, three in  
five, Flirt first, Leyburn second. Best  
time, 2.08 1-2.  
2.12 class trot, purse \$500, three in  
five, Georgianna first, Timbrel second.  
Best time, 2.15 1-2.  
Gentlemen's driving race, one-mile  
dash, purse \$200, Kentucky Union first,  
Sadie Wake second. Time, 2.24 3-4.

### SAUGUS RACES.

SAUGUS, MASS., Oct. 12.—It was a  
clean card of two races at the Old  
Saugus track this afternoon. C. W. B.  
won the 220 trot in straight heats and  
Chesley had everything his own way in  
the 2.12 pacing, winning in straight  
heats.  
226 class trotting, purse \$400, C. W.  
B. first, Parker G. second. Best time,  
2.19 1-4.  
2.12 class pacing, purse \$400, Chesley  
first, E. E. Knott second. Best time,  
2.12.

### ANOTHER TOWN CAPTURED.

MANILA, Oct. 12, 6:10 P. M.—General  
Young with two battalions of the  
Twenty-fourth infantry, nine troops of  
the Fourth cavalry and the scouts of  
the Thirty-first infantry, left Santa Ana  
at seven o'clock this morning and  
occupied Arayat at nine o'clock after a  
skirmish lasting half an hour. The  
enemy, estimated at 300 men, retreated  
toward Magalan. Five dead and three  
wounded Philipinos were left on the  
field. The Americans had one man  
wounded.

### ENGLAND REPLIES.

LONDON, Oct. 12.—The following is  
the text of the British reply to the  
Boer ultimatum: "Chamberlain to Mil-  
ner, Oct. 10, 1899: Her Majesty's gov-  
ernment has received with regret the  
last demand of the South African re-  
public, conveyed in your telegram of  
Oct. 9. You will inform the govern-  
ment of the South African republic in  
reply that the conditions demanded by  
the government of the South African  
republic are such that Her Majesty's  
government deems it impossible to dis-  
cuss."

### BASE BALL.

The following is the result of the  
National league base ball games played  
yesterday:

Washington 7, New York 3; Wash-  
ington 4, New York 5; at Washington.  
Cincinnati 6, Cleveland 2; at Cincin-  
nati.  
Boston 3, Philadelphia 7; at Boston.  
Baltimore 1, Brooklyn 5; at Balti-  
more.

### FEARFUL LOSS OF LIFE BY EARTHQUAKE.

AMSTERDAM, Oct. 12.—A despatch to  
the Handelsblad from Batavia, capital  
of the Netherlands Indies, Java, says a  
violent earthquake occurred in the  
south part of the island of Ceran, next  
the largest of the islands of Moluccas,  
near Booroo and Papua, completely de-  
stroyed the town of Ambet and killed  
it is estimated some 400 persons and  
injuring some 500 others.

### CUT THE BORDER FENCE.

VEREBURG, SOUTH AFRICA, Oct. 12.—  
A body of Boers have cut the border  
fence and advanced to the railroad and  
cut the telegraph wires. 2000 Boers  
now occupy the railway line.

### FIRE IN WASHUA.

NASHUA, N. H., Oct. 12.—The Good-  
rich block, a three-story brick struc-  
ture, numbered from 92 to 104 on Main  
street, owned by E. L. Morgan and  
used for offices and stores, was de-  
stroyed by fire this afternoon. Loss  
over \$50,000. Three firemen were in-  
jured; two, G. L. Savage and Jeremiah  
Sullivan, severely, and Charles Sand-  
ers, slightly.

### PRESIDENT IN MINNEAPOLIS.

MINNEAPOLIS, Oct. 12.—From a plat-  
form in front of the Minneapolis Expo-  
sition building, President McKinley  
this afternoon voiced the nation's wel-  
come to the Thirtieth Minnesota  
volunteers, just returned from the Phil-  
ippines, and delivered an address to  
thousands of cheering people.

### WEATHER INDICATIONS.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 12.—Forecast for  
New England: Fair Friday, rain Sat-  
urday, winds shifting to southerly and  
increasing in force Saturday.

### WAR DECLARED.

JOHANNESBURG, Oct. 12.—War was  
declared yesterday. Formal declara-  
tion occurred at ten o'clock this morn-  
ing.

### POSTPONED.

LINGTON, KY., Oct. 12.—Today's  
races were postponed on account of the  
rain.

### A GREAT LADY CORNETIST.

One of the many musical specialties  
that will be presented in the concert  
by Fairman's Boston Concert band is  
Miss May Cook, the famed cornet solo-  
ist and lyric soprano. Although quite  
young in years, she has attained a phe-  
nomenal reputation in all the great  
cities of the east and west, from ocean  
to ocean. She is a pupil of Hugo  
Schmidt. She is a very handsome  
blonde, petite in form, and was born  
and raised in California. This pleasing  
little lady is doubly gifted in being  
able to play the cornet in a masculine  
manner and with her high soprano  
voice sings "sweet old ballads" charm-  
ingly.



MISS MAY COOK, LYRIC SOPRANO.

Miss May Cook is a pretty little  
blonde, and controls a well modulated  
voice. She is new in this section of  
the country, but has caught the gen-  
eral applause of Bostonians for excel-  
lent cornet work.—Boston Globe,  
March 14th, 1899.

This excellent band will appear in  
this city at Music hall on Saturday af-  
ternoon and evening, Oct. 14th, both  
concerts being for the benefit of the  
Cottage hospital. The prices for the  
afternoon are 25 and 35 cents and for  
the evening concert 25, 35 and 50 cents.  
Seats are now on sale at the box office  
and should be secured at once in order  
to insure getting the most desirable  
seats.

### "LIKE A LOT OF CHILDREN."

The Portsmouth candle pin team  
came to this town last night and de-  
feated the local team by a score of 1247  
to 1125. The game was a most un-  
interesting one. The Portsmouth players  
bowed poorly while the locals bowled  
like a lot of children. With a little ex-  
ertion on the part of Exeter's bats they could  
have easily won the game as they were  
up against an easy team.

At the end of the first string Port-  
smouth led by 56 pins; in the second  
string Exeter reduced this lead materi-  
ally but in the third string Portsmouth  
made an increase and won the game.  
Fred Morse, who is the leader at pre-  
sent for the pair of shoes to be given for  
the highest three string total in duck  
pins, only secured a total of 207; Kimball,  
who is a member of the champion duck  
pin team, only bowled 214. Fred Morse,  
who is a member of both the champion  
duck and regulation pin teams, bowled  
223; Beckmann, who can always be re-  
lied on to bowl a high total, only se-  
cured 231; John Troy, the reliable, got  
258 which is a very poor showing  
for him.

The next game between these teams  
will be played at Portsmouth, Wednes-  
day evening, Oct. 25.—Exeter Gazette.

Of course the croaker has to remind  
us of the days of cold and wind that  
are to follow these beautiful ones.

## NEWSY GLEANINGS FROM OUR SUBURBAN TOWNS.

### NEWFIELDS.

NEWFIELDS, Oct. 12.  
Gideon Boardman and Luther Jacques  
of Rochester have recently returned  
after a visit with Mattie Jacques.

The state convention of the Universa-  
list society will be held at the local  
church next year.

Harry Cohn of Boston is visiting re-  
latives in town.

George Tarlton has returned from a  
two weeks' visit in Maine.

Miss Marie Voigeois of Rochester has  
returned home after a visit with her sis-  
ter, Mrs. Mattie Jacques.

The Rev. James H. Fitts is absent on  
a short visit.

Mrs. George H. Tilton has returned  
from a visit with relatives in Boston and  
vicinity.

### GREENLAND.

GREENLAND, Oct. 13.

Albert Hatch, who accidentally broke  
his collar bone while playing foot ball  
in the High school yard at Portsmouth,  
is able to be out.

George Brackett and several of the  
Pierce farm help succeeded in bagging  
five large coons, all on one limb of a tree  
recently.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Metho-  
dist church met at Rev. J. A. Chap-  
man's on Wednesday evening.

A harvest supper will be held in the  
town hall on next Thursday night.

A large crowd of young people enjoy-  
ed a whist party in the Town hall last  
evening, under the direction of Miss  
Mamie Simpson and Miss Della Hag-  
good. Fifteen tables were used.

Greenland grange is to hold a meet-  
ing next Wednesday evening.

Sportsmen claim that there is an  
abundance of black ducks in Great Bay.

### KITTERY.

KITTERY, Me., Oct. 13.

The vestry of the Second Methodist  
church was crowded with the people  
who partook of the excellent harvest  
supper provided by the members of  
the Epworth League. After the supper  
an entertainment was given, which  
though short was the best of its kind.  
The program was as follows:

Duet Miss Lovell and Mrs. Parker.  
Recitation, Gay Horrocks.  
Reading, Miss Place.  
Singing, Quartet.  
Reading, Mrs. Nellie Kenney.  
Solo, Mrs. Pierce,  
with cornet accompaniment by  
Mr. Pierce.

After the concert a game, solving the  
mystery of famous names, was played  
and the prize was won, by John Schiet-  
er, who was the only one who correctly  
solved the puzzle fairly.

If you want to have a good time to-  
night go to Frisbee's hall at Kittery  
Point to the entertainment given by the  
scholars of the high school. A fine pro-  
gram has been arranged after which ice  
cream will be on sale and games played.

The delegates from the Second Chris-  
tian church to Rockingham Christian  
conference, held in New to a returned to-  
day and reported a most enjoyable ses-  
sion. Rev. J. G. Dutton, former pastor  
of the church here, was among the  
speakers.

Charles Gerry, who has been spending  
the summer with his parents, went to  
Boston today for an extended visit.

### ROBBED THE GRAVE.

A startling incident, of which Mr.  
John Oliver of Philadelphia was the  
subject, is narrated by him as follows:  
"I was in a most dreadful condition.  
My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken,  
tongue coated, pain continually in  
back and sides, no appetite—gradually  
growing weaker day by day. Three  
physicians had given me up. Fortunately,  
a friend advised trying 'Electric  
Bitters,' and to my great joy and sur-  
prise, the first bottle made a decided  
improvement. I continued their use  
for three weeks and am now a well  
man. I know they saved my life and  
robbed the grave of another victim." No  
one should fail to try them. Only  
50 cents per bottle, at the Globe Gro-  
cery Co.'s store.

### IN LIPTON'S FAVOR.

The Yachting World, London, says  
with reference to the International races  
for the America's cup:

"There are three points regarding  
which the mind of the public is con-  
stant. The Columbia is no match for  
the Shamrock in the light weather; the  
Americans are stretching somewhat in  
Sir Thomas Lipton's favor in agreeing  
to race daily; and the criticism of Cap-  
tain Barr, the Columbia's skipper, forms  
the only jarring note in what so far has  
been a most harmonious contest, for it  
is evident that it is no fault of Barr that  
the Columbia will not travel."

'Tisn't safe to be a day without Dr.  
Thomas' Electric Oil in the house.  
Never can tell what moment an acci-  
dent is going to happen.

**MUNYON'S**

I will guarantee  
that my Rheumatism  
Cure will relieve lum-  
bago, sciatica and all  
rheumatic pains in  
two or three hours,  
and cure in a few  
days.

MUNYON.  
At all druggists,  
25c. a vial. Guide  
to Health and medi-  
cal advice free.  
1505 Arch st. Phila.

**RHEUMATISM**

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Tuesday Evening, Oct. 17th.

## FOURTH BIG YEAR OF CON- TINUOUS SUCCESS.

Denman Thompson's Beautiful Play,

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Written for the People Who Enjoyed  
The Old Homestead.

An Ideal Cast, including the Old Favorites,  
Mrs. Charles Peters, Miss May Thompson,  
John Walsh, W. J. Sully, Donald Harold, and  
the Verdi Ladies Quartette.

Prices: 35, 50 and 75 Cents.

## A Great Music Event! A TRULY CHARITABLE ONE.

AFTERNOON AND NIGHT,  
Saturday, Oct. 14th.

A TOTAL BENEFIT TO AID THE  
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In Superb Music Feats, Honoring

## Fairman's Boston Concert Band

the Passing of the 19th  
Century.

A GRAND ENSEMBLE OF 30.  
12 SPECIAL SOLOISTS.  
MAY COOK, THE GREATEST  
LADY CORNETIST IN THE  
WORLD.

Seats can be had in advance at Music  
Hall Box Office.

PRICES—  
Afternoon, 25 and 35 Cents  
Evening, 25, 35 and 50 Cents

## MY FALL AND WINTER SAMPLES Have Arrived AND ARE READY FOR INSPECTION.

YOU CAN GET SUITS FROM \$15.00 and UP  
" " " PANTS FROM \$1.00 and UP

Try Us For Your Next Suit.  
Cleansing, Repairing and Pressing Done  
At Reasonable Prices.

O'LEARY THE TAILOR  
5 Bridge Street.

## NEW PICKLES.

New Pickles now and grew this year  
By Bartlett who can sell you;  
Just picked and made to suit the trade.  
As all who eat can tell you.  
In vinegar from apple juice,  
With sugar from the south;  
Girls like to bite with all their might  
Until they fill their mouth.  
ma and pay the children say,  
buy us Bartlett's Pickles,  
So nice and good with all our food—  
Pie, cake, or hearty victuals,  
His Vinegar is ten years old.  
In color like to brandy.  
If once you try you will then buy—  
It sells, then keep it handy.

—ELIOT, M., August 1899.

SYLVESTER BARTLETT.

## PORTSMOUTH'S SECRET AND SOCIAL SOCIETIES.

WHEN AND WHERE THEY MEET.

A Guide for Visitors and Members.

OAK CASTLE, NO. 4, K. O. C. H.

Meets at Hall, Peirce Block, High St.,  
Second and Fourth Wednesdays of  
each month.

Officers—Fred Gardner, N. C.; Charles  
F. Cole, V. C.; Thomas L. Dudley, H.  
P.; E. G. Gidney, V. H.; Charles E.  
Oliver, S. H.; Orville E. Hawes, P. C.;  
Samuel R. Gardner, M. of R.; Allison  
L. Phinney, C. of E.; True W. Priest,  
K. of E.

PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, NO. 8, O. U. A. M.

Meets at Hall, Franklin Block, every  
other Thursday.

Officers—Fred Joslyn, C.; Arthur  
Woodsum, V. C.; Thomas L. Spunney  
Jr., Ex-C.; James E. Harrold, Sr., Ex-C.  
Frank Pike, R. S.; Frank C. Langley  
F. S.; Edward Voudy, I. P.; William P.  
Gardner, O. P.

PORTSMOUTH LODGE, NO. 97, B. P. O. E.

Meets at Hall, Daniel St., Second and  
Fourth Tuesdays of each month, except  
Second Tuesday of June, July and  
August, and Fourth Tuesday of Sep-  
tember.

Officers—True W. Priest, E. R.; H. B.  
Dow, T.; I. R. Davis, S.

CITY OF PORTSMOUTH COUNCIL, K. OF C.

Meets at K. of C. Hall, High St., First  
and Third Thursdays of each month.

Officers—J. H. Kirvan, G. K.; Geo. S.  
Kirvan, D. G. K.; Wm. McEvoy, C.;  
Dennis McGrath, W.; W. T. Morrissey,  
F. S.; W. F. Micott, R. S.; Daniel Cas-  
ey, T.

OSGOOD LODGE, NO. 48, I. O. O. F.

Meets in Odd Fellows' Hall every Thurs-  
day evening at 7:30 o'clock.

Officers—Horace P. Montgomery, N.  
G.; Charles H. Kehoe, V. G.; Howard  
Anderson, Sec.; Edwin B. Prime, Treas.;  
Albert C. Plummer, Fin. Sec.

The Degree Flag will be displayed when de-  
grees are to be conferred. Watch for it. All  
fraternal Old Fellows not members of the Lodge  
are cordially invited to attend the Lodge meet-  
ings and are assured a cordial greeting.

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NO. 2 MARKET SQUARE.

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That Will Please You.

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## Old Furniture Made New.

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stered furniture to Robert H.  
Hall and have it re-uphol-  
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